

The Listener

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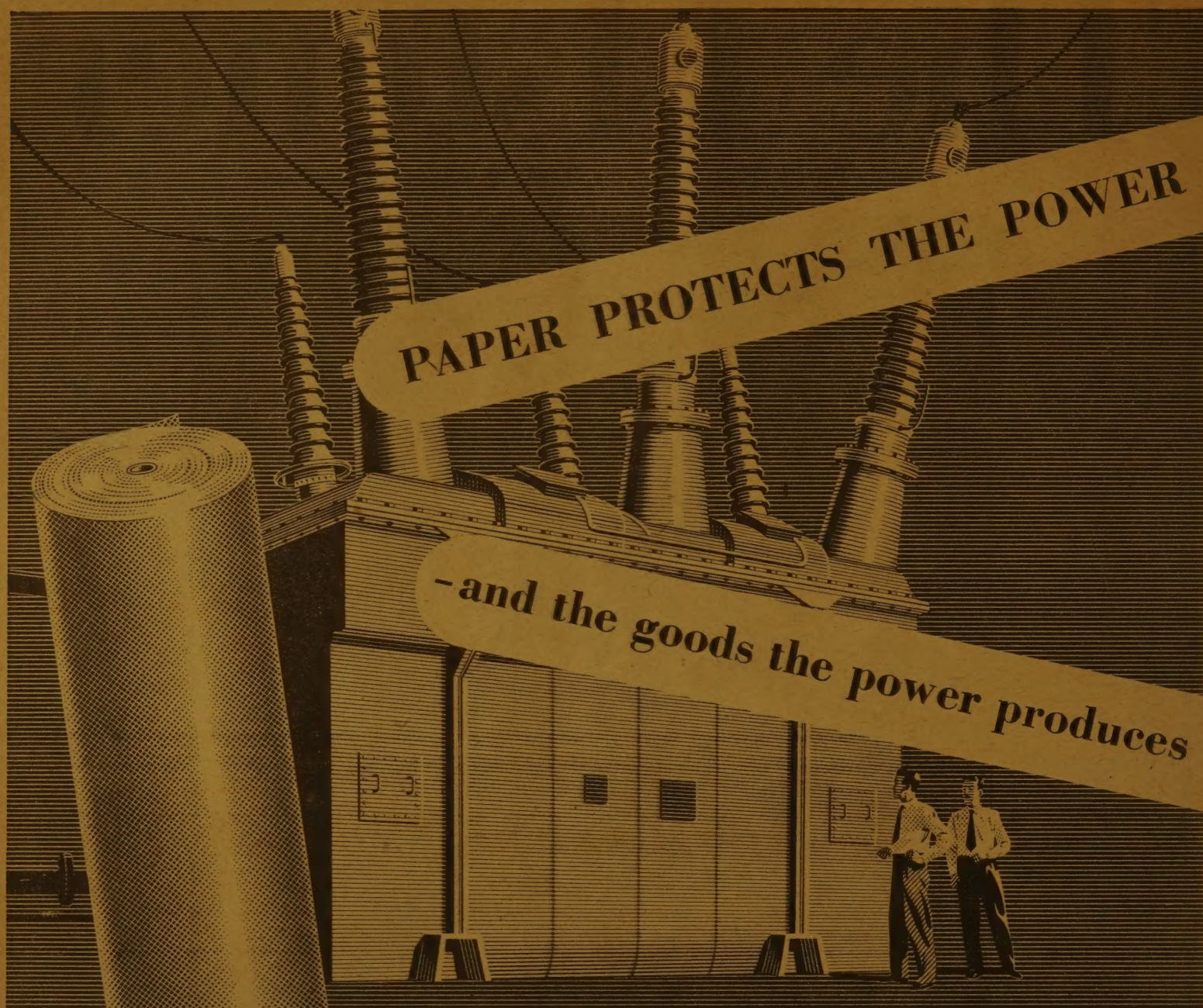
'Arlequin', by Paul Cézanne: from the exhibition of his paintings at the Tate Gallery (see page 632)

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Talking with Germans—I (Goronwy Rees)

Henry Fielding: Then and Now (J. B. Priestley)

We Are the Sum of Our Days (Florida Scott-Maxwell)



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Talking with Germans: The Common View

The first of four talks by GORONWY REES

LAST month I spent nearly three weeks travelling about Germany, that is to say that part of Germany which now forms the German Federal Republic. For it is important to remember that when one uses the word 'Germany' today one is making use of a purely geographical expression which covers at least three entirely different Germanies. There is Germany west of the Elbe, which forms the Federal Republic. There is Germany east of the Elbe, which forms the German Democratic Republic. And there is Berlin, which belongs to both and shares the nature of neither.

I went to Düsseldorf and the Ruhr, to Hamburg, to Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, and to Bonn, the seat of the Federal Government. When I saw these cities last, nine years ago, in the summer of 1945, they were in ruins, and a handful of British Military Government officers were trying to restore an elementary form of civil administration, which otherwise had almost totally disappeared. And the German people themselves seemed utterly and irretrievably ruined. Not only were they without the minimum necessities of life, food, clothing, warmth, and shelter; there had been a complete and total breakdown of all those established rules and conventions which are the basis of civilised existence.

Today, that has all changed. Germany is enjoying an economic boom; her cities are being rebuilt, and in the west they are resplendent with shining new structures of steel and glass and cement, that appear to spring up almost overnight. There is opportunity for everyone, if not to be rich, at least to create for himself the basis of a decent life. And, most of all, a political and administrative structure has been built up which, whatever its weaknesses, is sufficiently strong to provide a framework for those infinitely complicated social and economic

relationships on which life in a modern society ultimately depends.

The contrast between then and now, between 1945 and 1954, is so sharp and so vivid that it brings an element of confusion and bewilderment into the task of trying to arrange one's impressions of Germany into an orderly and coherent picture. It is as if one could not believe in the reality of what lies before one's eyes, as if the crowded streets and the glittering new buildings were suddenly to waver and dissolve and one saw again those interminable vistas of shattered ruins, deserted except for a ragged figure picking furtively in the rubble.

And just as it is hard to credit the concrete and tangible changes which have taken place in Germany, so also it is hard, for me at least, to believe in many of the things which Germans say and do today. For I must admit that I did not go to Germany as an unprejudiced observer, and that previous experience of Germans, in peace and in war, had given me certain strong feelings about them which were hard to reconcile with much of what I heard and saw during my visit. This gave me, in my conversations with Germans, a curious sense of disquiet and uneasiness. Just as one felt so vividly the concrete and tangible changes that have taken place in Germany since 1945, so one felt that a parallel change had taken place in the psychology of the Germans themselves. And just as one found it hard to credit the material changes, so one found it equally hard to believe in the psychological change, to accept that the 'psychology of a Teuton' could be so transformed. It was like meeting someone one had known for a very long time, and known very intimately, and finding that he was no longer the same person.

It was this kind of feeling that affected me in all my conversations with Germans during my visit, whether they were friendly or unfriendly,

and whatever their views. It would, I think, be impossible to describe the change by any simple formula; to say, for instance, that the Germans are no longer this or that, or that they will no longer do this or do that. One would describe it best by saying that the Germans no longer look at the world from the same point of view as they did; and that this really adds up to a complete reversal of the ordinary German's attitude to the world, and, as I say, I find such a reversal hard to credit.

'A People Without a Past'

I said so to a German writer, who comes from east Prussia and who himself had once professed and propagated, extreme nationalist views. 'You must accept the fact that we have changed', he said, 'and in the case of many of us that we have changed overnight, and indeed on the particular night on which Hitler committed suicide. You may say that for us, at that moment, our past was abolished and that we began the next day as a people without a past and without a history'. I thought that a typically German remark, that is to say, extravagant and self-dramatising, and I said to my friend that I found it, in the strictest sense of the word, incredible. 'Incredible it may be', he said, 'and we find it very hard to believe it ourselves. After all, it's a very curious situation in which to find yourself. Nevertheless it is true, and you will not understand anything about Germany today unless you accept it. And of course', he said, 'such a thing could only happen to us Germans. After all, the history of the German nation did not begin until 1870. Before that there was simply the history of the German *Länder*, that is to say, of the separate German states. And since 1870 we have had four entirely different political regimes. We have had the Hohenzollerns; we have had Weimar; we have had the nazis; and now we have Bonn. And the primary object of each of these regimes has been to destroy its predecessors. Weimar tried to destroy all trace of Imperial Germany, but did not succeed; the nazis tried to destroy Weimar, and succeeded; Bonn tried to liquidate the nazis, but it is not really necessary because they liquidated themselves. So perhaps it is not so difficult for us Germans to throw off our past as it would be for any other nation. We have had so much practice in the last thirty-five years. And, besides, no political system ever succeeded in achieving such total and absolute failure as National Socialism'.

It is particularly hard for Englishmen to understand such a state of mind; but it expresses something which a great many Germans feel at the present time. It helps to explain their collective loss of memory about their immediate past, which seems to be so complete that certain words which have powerful associations in other countries, such as 'Hitler', or 'Dachau', genuinely seem to provoke no reaction at all when spoken to a German. It helps to explain the curious sense one has of their instability, as if they carry too little ballast to remain upon an even keel; and in particular it helps to explain their attitude to our own country, which was a matter of particular interest to me while I was in Germany.

Cult of the British Royal Family

For if many Germans think of themselves now, as I think they do, as a country without a history, it is equally true that what many of them think of this country is precisely the reverse of this; that is to say, they think of this country, above all, as a country in which history, and the past, are still a living and a vital force. This idea of England exists at various levels of consciousness, and takes innumerable different forms; but in some degree or other it was shared by almost every German I met. Perhaps it finds its most spontaneous and elementary expression in the extraordinary cult of the British Royal Family, which is almost universal throughout Germany. I have heard Germans speak of *Unsere Königin*—'our Queen'; and while I was in Berlin I was told of a peasant from the German Democratic Republic, that is the eastern zone, who had made the long journey there and at some risk to himself had visited the British centre simply in order to obtain a portrait of the Queen. But indeed this cult of the British Royal Family in Germany is something so extraordinary that it cannot be derived from any single source. There are in it strong elements of simple wish-fulfilment; if one studies the German popular press and especially the illustrated papers, one could very easily form an impression of England as a kind of modern Ruritania, a land of cathedrals and thatched cottages, inhabited by Highlanders and Welsh women in funny hats, and ruled by a beautiful young Queen who lives in a great many castles, is married to a fairy prince, and has beside her to assist in the labours of government an

ancient, wise, and formidable old man, looking rather like a bulldog, who lives permanently in Downing Street.

But this Never-Never-Land conception of our country, which is very widespread, is really only a kind of folk mythology which symbolises something much deeper and more serious: it is the idea of an England which has come to terms with history, is at home in history, has lived so long with history that they fit each other as the hand fits the glove; it is the idea of the English as a people for whom history is not something malevolent or hostile, not something to struggle with, or master, or be defeated by, as it is for other countries, but the very atmosphere in which they live and move and have their being, as fish do in the ocean, or birds in the air.

From this idea, for the Germans, many other consequences follow. For they feel that because, as I think, we have adapted ourselves to history, we are a united people in a sense that they themselves have never been; and that this unity maintained over a long period of years has allowed us to develop forms of government and administration which are solid and well established, not so much efficient as regular and reliable, and yet allow for a large degree of human give-and-take.

A Symbol

Let me give a curious example, which may illustrate my meaning. I asked a German what he thought was the reason for what seemed to me the extraordinary interest taken by the Germans in the British Royal Family. This man was a socialist and a marxist. He had fought and conspired underground both before and during the war and has continued to do so in the eastern zone of Germany. His experiences and his training have combined to give him that peculiarly ironical and cynical outlook on life that is only to be found in marxists. So I had expected, even hoped, that he would either dismiss such feelings as a typical example of the sentimentality of the masses, or give me one of his beautifully refined materialist explanations of their origin. But to my surprise he did neither. He thought with great seriousness for some time and finally said: 'Your Royal Family is for us a symbol'—and then he used a German phrase which is almost untranslatable—'of *menschliche Autorität*'—and by that he meant a ruling power which is adjusted to human needs. I need not say that I was astonished by such an answer, coming from such a man.

Let me add one further consequence of this idea of England as the child and product of history. As a result of our history, the Germans see us as a country which is the centre of an extremely complicated system of relationships which extends all over the world. There is our relationship with the United States; there is our relationship with France; with the Commonwealth; and there is the infinitely complex web of our trading relationships with every country on the globe. They see these as relationships which depend less on formal alliances or written contracts than on a community of interests which depends on history and custom; and because of this, and because our relationships are often conflicting and contradictory, they feel that they can be maintained only by an infinitely patient policy of concessions, compromises, bargains, negotiations. In this situation, they see us under various images: sometimes as a marvellously skilful juggler who manages to keep a number of balls in the air at once, when by rights they should fall to the ground; sometimes as a cunning spider who sits in the middle of a web which he has spun to cover the entire globe; sometimes merely as a patient, rather plodding person who in a position of great delicacy and difficulty cautiously feels his way forward step by step; but in all three cases they tend to attribute to us a degree of political skill and experience which they do not acknowledge in any other people.

Let me conclude by quoting a paragraph from a German paper which expresses this view better than anything I can say:

There is still one astounding people in Europe—the English—whose politics even today are still based upon firm foundations, because they remain within the framework of history. They are no longer the leading world power and so they have to go cautiously. They can advise, negotiate, give wise counsel, and defend themselves tenaciously. No one can tell how long this can continue, nor what success they will achieve. But if British policy should fail, then it is highly probable that it will lead to the tragedy of a third world war.

To an Englishman these are astonishing, and even frightening, words, and indeed they are hardly intelligible unless we understand how the Germans think about themselves at the present time. What is certain is that their views both of themselves and of us combine to give this country today a decisive influence upon the future of Germany and thereby upon the future of Europe.—*Home Service*

The Racial Problem in the United States

The first of eight talks on race relations by WALTER KOLARZ

IT is often said that the aeroplane is depriving travel of all its romance. This may well be true, but at the same time an air trip may enable you to size up quickly the racial and geographical diversities of a huge country. I had this experience this summer when crossing the United States from coast to coast. On arrival in New York I had just a few hours to get a brief impression of the human types living there and the general character of the vast city. A friend and I, walking round the streets of Manhattan, the heart of New York, were above all astounded by one observation—the small number of people who by their outward appearance could be identified as Anglo-Saxons. The faces we saw in New York we had seen before, some in Prague, some in Vienna, others in Naples and Beirut. New York appeared to us as a gigantic city of refuge. People had come there from many parts of Europe to escape racial hatred, over-population, unemployment, and near-starvation.

But New York is more than a synthesis of Europe—it is a synthesis of Europe and Africa, for one of the first things to catch the attention of the stranger is the large number of Negroes. On the airport one sees them only as porters, a job which they perform all over the States. But in the shopping areas in the centre of New York City one encounters many well-dressed coloured men and women, and not a few of them own elegant cars. For many of these Negroes, or at least for their parents and grandparents, New York has been a sanctuary that freed them from the legal discrimination to which the black race has been exposed in the Southern States of the U.S.A.

Within a few hours, the aeroplane took us from New York to Tulsa in Oklahoma, a place situated fairly near the geographical centre of the

United States. We spent even less time in Tulsa than in New York, but saw at least one thing that was significant: the shops near the airport displayed prominently various items of Indian handicraft, and among the few available picture postcards were some that showed Indian chiefs in ceremonial dress. We were at first inclined to dismiss this as a cheap commercial device to attract the attention of the tourists. However, a deeper reality lay behind this demonstrative



Students demonstrating against integration in Baltimore, Maryland, on October 5

advertising of things Indian. There are 50,000 Indians in the State of Oklahoma, or about one-seventh of the entire Indian population in the U.S.A. Later we were told that Oklahoma politicians consider a drop of Indian blood a considerable asset at election time.

Again, after a few hours, we found ourselves face to face with yet another racial pattern that has become as 'American' as that of New York and that of Tulsa. We arrived in San Francisco, both America's gateway to the Orient and, in a way, the first city of the Orient. It was Sunday morning and a visit to one of the churches provided a short cut for taking stock of the racial situation in the largest American port on the Pacific. Chinese, Japanese, and Mexican Mestizos listened to a sermon in English, together with a variety of people of European background.

Fortunately, we had ample opportunity to digest and complete the impressions we had gathered so hastily when crossing the States. From San Francisco we went to the Race Relations Conference in Honolulu. Among the main topics of this conference were racial problems of North America. Both inside and outside the conference chamber we were able to get a more thorough idea of their complexity. These problems are of varying magnitude. The question of the oriental immigrants—there are over 140,000 Japanese and very nearly 120,000 Chinese in the States—concerns mostly the west coast. The problem of the 2,000,000 Mexicans is a more formidable one, but it also affects only a comparatively small portion of the country—in the first place, the States of California, Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico, and to a lesser extent the States of the deep South. But the 15,000,000 Negroes who constitute exactly ten per cent. of the entire population of the U.S.A. are a national problem in the full sense of the term. In one way or another it concerns all the forty-eight States. In a certain sense it is even an international



Negro and white pupils in a class at McKinley Technical High School, Washington, D.C.

problem. Many Europeans have always felt that the discrimination against the Negroes in the South is from a moral point of view one of the weakest spots of the Western case. And, unfortunately, there is a good deal of truth in this. Discrimination and segregation measures have been applied in the Southern States of the U.S.A. to religious and political activities, to the administration of justice, to employment in factories, to public transport, health services, and education. In fact, no sector in the life of the nation was spared from 'Jim Crow' practices, as anti-Negro measures are popularly called in America.

While it would be wrong to belittle the fact and extent of discrimination, it would be equally mistaken to overlook all the new factors that have come to the fore during the past fifteen years and that have greatly influenced the position of the Negro on the North American continent. If one has listened for days to the carefully balanced analysis and arguments of some of America's most distinguished experts on race problems, including both black and white scholars, one can hardly doubt that the hey-day of white supremacy is over and that legal discrimination is doomed. Nor can one doubt that the American people has taken upon itself a truly superhuman task—the formation of a new multi-racial society and the building of a new nation which will consist of two such different ingredients as the Americans of European ancestry and the Americans of African descent.

Arduous Nation-Building

It stands to reason that this process of nation-building in the United States will be more protracted and arduous than the emancipation of most colonial peoples of Asia and Africa. The granting of independence to the nations of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon was certainly one of the greatest events of our time, but it was primarily a constitutional and political act. It took place on the highest level and required little personal adjustment on the part of individual members of the former ruling nation. The ordinary British citizen might have approved or disapproved of the transfer of power in India but no personal consequences ensued from the fact itself. With regard to the American Negroes the situation is different. If the Negro problem in the States could be solved by passing a law in Congress even after long and heated discussion the matter would be a relatively simple one. But in the American race situation laws can only help a development that is on the way. They cannot initiate it. The new approach towards the Negro recently shown by authors of comic strips and advertising firms may in the long run be equally important, or even more important than this or that anti-discrimination law. In other words, the real emancipation of the coloured people in the United States can be achieved only to the extent to which the individual citizen is prepared to change his own attitude towards the Negro. Only then can the new synthetic American nation become full reality.

Although the full integration of the Negro into American society is by its very nature a complicated process, it is greatly accelerated by a combination of economic and sociological circumstances and of political and ideological pressure. Perhaps the most important single factor in the new pattern of race relations in the U.S.A. is the migration of the Negro from the Southern to the Northern States. This movement to the North started in the first war, gathered momentum in the inter-war period, and assumed particularly large proportions between 1940 and 1950. During these ten years the Negro population in the Northern States went up by 2,000,000. Negro workers flocked *en masse* into many cities like San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle which until the beginning of the second world war had had only a tiny coloured population. In Chicago, after New York the second largest Negro city in the U.S.A., the number of Negroes increased from 220,000 to 510,000, and today it has already exceeded the 600,000 mark.

By moving northward, the Negro frees himself from the depressing ghetto atmosphere pertaining in the Southern cities. Whilst still effectively disfranchised to a large extent in the South, he becomes a voter and a political being in the North. Once in the North, the Negro can enter the white-collar and skilled professions which are barred to him in the South unless he can find employment in Negro enterprises. The move to the North means not only improvement in status but also material betterment. The average Negro income in the North is fifty per cent. higher than in the South.

Owing to migration, the North is becoming more black and the South more white. But the South is also undergoing an economic and sociological change. The sharp division between the agricultural South and the industrial North has started to break down. The South is being industrialised, and industry brings new requirements. At one

stage racial segregation must become an obstacle to industrial expansion since it obstructs the recruitment and rational use of Negro manpower. Industrial companies of the North, accustomed for a long time to employing Negroes in their plants, have moved into the South and find the segregation laws of Alabama or South Carolina an unreasonable handicap. They are determined to fulfil only the letter of these laws, but not their spirit, and this leads occasionally to rather grotesque situations. For instance, when a big company producing agricultural machinery moved to the South it was forced by a Southern States law to erect separate canteens for white and black workers. All the firm did was to provide one canteen which a four-inch barrier divided into two.

In addition to the sociological and economic changes there have been definite measures on the part of the United States Government to help the Negro people to a new status. Perhaps the most important of these measures was President Roosevelt's historic Executive Order of June 25, 1941, which abolished discrimination in defence industries but had implications beyond these limits. It meant the end of governmental non-interference with the racial problem, and constituted a turning-point never to be reversed again by any subsequent American administration. This was clearly exemplified by the policy pursued with regard to the United States army, where the middle of 1955 has been fixed as the official date-line for segregation to be abolished.

But perhaps the overriding element in the racial situation of the United States is the growing general realisation that there cannot be first- and second-class citizens, and that the principles of democracy must be applied to the Negro population. This new approach is perhaps best expressed in the fact that the famous Fourteenth Amendment to the American Constitution ceases to be a dead letter. This Amendment was passed in 1864 and sealed the victory of the North over the South in the American Civil War. It made the Negro a citizen and proclaimed that there should be no discrimination against 'race, colour or previous condition of servitude'. Had this Fourteenth Amendment been faithfully applied, conditions in the South would not be what they are today. But ever since 1883 the Supreme Court of the United States had defeated the purpose for which the Amendment was intended by giving it a loose interpretation. In recent years, however, this Fourteenth Amendment has assumed a more compelling, imperative character for American democracy. This change of heart was clearly manifested last May in the well-known decision of the Supreme Court that outlawed discrimination in educational institutions. The court recognised that separate education for Negroes, however well-endowed, could not be an equal one in American conditions. Both in the United States and all over the world, the revolutionary nature of this court ruling was generally recognised. Even the American Communist Party was unable to belittle it. One of their spokesmen stated that the unanimous court decision had 'struck a mighty blow at the entire system of racial segregation in the United States'. And so it had.

This does not mean that bi-racial education is already a fact—it will cost a great deal of effort to overcome the deeply ingrained prejudices of the South. But a growing and powerful section of American public opinion will do much to counteract all attempts to sabotage the verdict of the Supreme Court. There may still be some ups and downs in the struggle against discrimination, but time works for the Negro and it works for the new American nation that will attach no meaning to the colour of the skin.—*European Service*

The B.B.C. Quarterly

IN THE AUTUMN NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. Nine, No. Three), which is the last number, as the *Quarterly* is now ceasing publication, Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., contributes an article on 'The Tasks before the B.B.C. Today'. The other articles are 'The Unintentional-Influence of Television' by Canon V. A. Demant; 'Shakespeare on Television' by Michael Barry, Head of Drama, Television; 'The B.B.C.'s Treatment of Foreign Affairs' by Michael Curtis, the new editor of the *News Chronicle*; 'New Literature on the Air' by P. H. Newby, Third Programme talks organiser; 'Activities of the Danish State Radio' by Dyneley Hussey; and 'Broadcasting the Queen's Commonwealth Tour' by Godfrey Talbot. There are two technical articles with illustrations: 'Ignition Interference at Frequencies below 100 Mc/s: The Mechanism of its Production' by G. F. Newell, and 'The Use of Telephone Selector Switches on Television Circuits' by H. D. M. Ellis and J. C. Taylor. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (price 2s. 6d.) is obtainable from the B.B.C. Publications Department, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or from the usual newsagents.

Angola: An African Cinderella

By CECIL SCOTT

THE earliest part of Africa to be colonised by Europeans was Angola, and yet today it is possibly the least known of all the African territories. Lord Hailey has called it a 'Cinderella of the colonies'. Except that Angola is an older rather than a younger sister, the name fits well; for in spite of centuries of comparative neglect, it is today not only the largest territory in the Portuguese Empire but also the most prosperous. It has had an unbroken series of steadily increasing budget surpluses since 1931.

The Portuguese colonies in Africa suffered a great deal in the past from the rival attractions of India and the Americas; for some two centuries, they were looked upon merely as revictualling places on the route to the former, and as a source of slave labour for the latter. Angola also had the great disadvantage of being used as a penal settlement—an African Botany Bay—to which *deportados* were sent, some for political reasons and others for criminal offences. This convict population formed a stagnant mass of ignorance and corruption which for many years was a terrible drag on progress; it broke the heart of many a high-minded official who vainly struggled to maintain some standards of Christian decency and dignity. It was not until nearly the close of the last century that transportation of these *degradados* ceased, though some, by that time, had come to take advantage of a new land and make a useful contribution to it.

Most Prosperous Portuguese Colony

I said that Angola was the most prosperous of Portuguese colonies and mentioned its budget surpluses. Yet this does not mean it is the most developed, or that it will be, or that it has not problems of its own. Angola extends over nearly 500,000 square miles and so is larger than the combined size of Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium—larger even than the total area of the Union of South Africa. It lies completely within the tropical belt, but, except for the extreme north and south, the climate is more moderate than that of similar latitudes on the east coast, for the ocean currents are kind to Angola, and all the year round a deep stream of icy water swirls up from the Antarctic along the dry and barren coastline, providing excellent feeding-ground for tremendous shoals of fish and cooling the air over a great part of the country. Another important factor which contributes greatly to the general healthiness of much of the interior is that from the Atlantic seaboard the country rises in a series of huge terraces to three great highland regions—that of Malange in the north, Huila in the south, and the *planalto*, or plateau, of Bié in the centre. The last attains an altitude of more than 7,000 feet only 100 miles inland from Lobito Bay, and gradually dips towards the east until it reaches the great plains of the upper Zambesi valley.

The total of inhabitants, Bantu and European, numbers only some 4,000,000, so land hunger and population pressure are not acute problems; in fact, over a large part of the country there is serious shortage of labour. African life in most parts is still the old tribal economy revolving around the basic simplicity of subsistence agriculture and a system of shifting cultivation. The village sites move together with the shift of cultivation and a far wider range of vegetables and crops is actually grown than at first appears, partly because many of them are cultivated on a very limited scale—beans, sweet potatoes, wheat, maize, ground nuts, sugar cane, castor oil, the pawpaw, orange, banana, pineapple, and many others. And always, of course, there is a carefully tended tobacco plot. The European population is now just over 100,000 and increasing at a rate of about 2,000 a year.

An outstanding characteristic of Portuguese mentality is intense individualism, and this has found its expression in Angola in the hundreds of 'small mixed traders' scattered throughout the colony, where they form the largest single occupational group. The main business of these traders is the purchase of native cash crops or products, and the sale of a wide variety of imported Portuguese factory-made goods. They deal in simple food-stuffs such as dried fish, salt, palm oil, and cheap wine, and assist the improvident by buying grain

at harvest-time and storing it for resale later in the year. Trade goods are obtained on credit from the larger import and export firms, to whom they are under obligation to ship all the crops and other products obtained from the African community.

Post-war shortages all over the world gave Angola a grand opportunity of obtaining a foothold in many new markets. There is no doubt that a real effort is being made to retain these new customers and live down an earlier reputation for unreliable quality. Leading exporters have often told me that for this purpose two main considerations must be kept constantly in mind. In the first place, to lower costs of production by greater mechanisation (which at the same time goes part way to solving the urgent problem of labour shortage) and, secondly, to be more rigorous in grading so that only those goods reach a foreign market which attain a guaranteed high standard of quality.

A grouse I have frequently heard is that producers have been prevented from obtaining the full benefit of the rise in world prices by government decree obliging them to sell a percentage of their crops to Portugal at lower rates. This percentage varies according to the crop, and from year to year, but there is no reciprocal benefit by means of lower prices for goods imported from Portugal. An example cited to me was that of cotton textiles, the cost of which in the ten-year period between 1939 and 1949 increased by 224 per cent. whereas the price of raw cotton in Angola went up by only 61 per cent. In spite of this, planters were obliged to ship the whole of their crop to Portugal.

Here and there about the territory, particularly in the coastal regions, are large ranches producing coffee, sugar, sisal, and copra, but the concessionaire system has never been practised on the scale that operates in the Portuguese territory of Mozambique, on the opposite side of the continent. In the north-east corner of Angola a huge area is closed off as a monopolist concession for the Diamond Company. This is the only large-scale mining enterprise in operation, and for many years has been a major source of wealth to the country. Since the end of the war considerable expansion of local manufacturing industries has taken place. Fish-canning and oil-extraction plants; an iron foundry producing ploughs, hoes, and nails; a cement works; a factory for starch, others for tapioca and castor oil. All these are spread over the colony and are making great contributions to its prosperity.

Loanda is the capital, a Moorish-looking city of orange, red, and gold on a curving bay which stretches out to a long island of sand formed by silt from the mouth of the Kwanza river. It is covered with casuarinas and palm trees and forms a large natural harbour. Behind the tall, white modern office buildings of the capital, rises the battlemented fort of St. Michael, high above the cliffs. Loanda is without doubt the most beautiful and attractive coastal city between Casablanca and Cape Town, as it also is the oldest European settlement.

Further south, and only twenty miles from Benguela, is the relatively new town of Lobito, where shipping offices, consulates and customs sheds predominate. It is the busy terminal port of the trans-African Benguela railway and stands on a long sandy spit with a tree-lined street running its length. Colourful houses have been built on both sides, with gardens which seem to dip into the blue water.

Work of Christian Missions

One of the things which has made the greatest impact on the tribal life of Angola is the work of the missions. The whole of the New Testament has been translated and printed in six of the main Bantu languages of Angola, as well as certain of the Gospels into some ten other dialects. My wife and I had the privilege of contributing to this the Gospel according to St. Mark in the Luimbi language, a previously unwritten tongue. It is significant that the Government does not permit the publication of vernacular literature (other than scientific studies) except translations of the Holy Scriptures and Missals, and then only if accompanied by a parallel version in Portu-

guese, and the high cost of printing these dual versions has been a considerable obstacle.

There are eight Roman Catholic orders engaged in missionary work. Their missions operate six hospitals and forty-two dispensaries; in addition they are subsidised by the Government for elementary education among the Africans. Evangelical missions, which are predominantly foreign in origin, have always been tolerated with a good deal of suspicion and reluctance by the Portuguese authorities; unlike the Catholic Missions they are unsubsidised, but do a very great deal of educational and medical work—eight hospitals and eighty-nine dispensaries staffed by twelve fully qualified doctors and twenty-one nurses, and a large central leprosarium is being built.

The Portuguese status of citizenship was formed in the mould of the Roman model, and, stemming from the premise that colonies are but extensions overseas of the mother-country, the hope is held out to every African that he may become legally 'assimilated', once he has attained a sufficient degree of European civilisation, has adopted western dress and habits, and uses the Portuguese language. He will then enjoy full juridical equality with the oldest inhabitant of Lisbon and be placed on a common voters' roll with the white settlers. Such a process, while certainly possible, is neither easy nor rapid; which may be judged from the fact that after 400 years of occupation the number of such *assimilados* in the whole of Angola is still only 30,000, that is under one-per cent. of the African population.

The main force in Portuguese administration is centripetal—the mother-country and the overseas dependencies are considered as a single entity group round the head of government in Lisbon. The Government's views on the freedom of the press or the conduct of public meetings and elections are less tolerant than many would desire, but social relationships provoke far less sense of inferiority among the non-Europeans than in many other parts of the continent. European and African pupils sit side by side in the classrooms of Loanda High School, and inter-marriage between Portuguese and coloured persons is relatively common; it has indeed been officially encouraged ever since the governorship of Albuquerque in India in the sixteenth century.

But although the so-called colour question is far less acute in Angola than in many other regions of Africa, it would be false to assert that it does not exist. The African grape-vine is notoriously efficient. As an Arab proverb puts it: 'Pipe a tune in Zanzibar and the drums of the Great Lakes will echo the rhythm'. A speech in the House of Assembly at Cape Town is scarcely ended before it is being discussed and commented upon by Negro politicians in the lobby of the Gold Coast Parliament. Events in Kenya, Nigeria, the Congo, and Rhodesia are quickly known and have their effect.

Racialism, indeed, while slight at present, is infiltrating in a double

stream. On the one hand, Portuguese immigrants of the peasant type find themselves in immediate competition with Africans sometimes better educated than themselves, and thereupon feel and show their resentment. On the other hand, there are many thousands of Angolan Africans employed in the Rand gold-mines, and when these return they bring with them an anti-white complex, a complex which has on occasions been increased by unwise, even if well-intentioned, bureaucratic action. A recent example of this was when, on the plea of hygiene, the shanty-town on the edge of the port of Lobito was bulldozed into the sea before provision of new housing had been made.

Five centuries of Portuguese colonisation have resulted in much accumulated wisdom and experience, but things do not always come to pass in practice just as they are dreamt of by idealists in Portugal. A great weakness of Portuguese colonial policy seems to me to be that it seeks to combine a maximum of centralised direction for major issues with a minimum of control over the mechanics of translating such theory into the affairs of everyday life. There is perhaps too great a tendency to evaluate a system or scheme more by the target set rather than by the score actually recorded.

Nevertheless, much has already been accomplished, and still more is planned for the future. In 1938 the Colonial Development Fund came into existence, financed partly from the colony's budget surpluses and the proceeds of special taxes on imports and exports, and partly by loans from the mother country. The first period coincided with the war, which naturally hindered the supply of much-needed equipment. However, some £1,500,000 was expended: a new harbour was built at Luanda and also a splendid government High School. The second period for 1946-51 was planned on double the scale of the previous one and covered a much wider field. It included extensions to the main railway systems, hydro-electric development, public health, and agriculture. More recently, all these earlier efforts have been completely dwarfed by the National Development Plan which comprises an investment of nearly £200,000,000 over a six-year period throughout the whole of the Portuguese empire. Angola's share in this is estimated at more than £32,000,000; the major projects include the large-scale production of electric power from the cataracts of the gorge of the Kunene river and an irrigation scheme for this healthy region of southern Angola. As this area is at present carrying a very scanty population it is proposed to subsidise the immigration of some 8,000 families of rural workers from Portugal.

The African Cinderella is no longer moping disconsolately by the fireside, but appears to have found the glass slipper. It is not, of course, altogether comfortable, as I have tried to show. But I believe that Portugal will understand the places where it pinches. I think Portuguese colonial policy is sufficiently flexible to be adapted to the new conditions arising in tropical Africa.—*Third Programme*

The News from the Middle East

By JON KIMCHE

HOW much do we really know about the Middle East, the Arab States, and Israel? How much news that is the truth, and the whole truth, gets actually into the papers and on to the air? And who is responsible for the preventions, suppressions, and distortions that do take place? The answers to these questions provide the staple diet of the shop talk of newspapermen who have to deal with the Middle East; but who else cares? The public do not know, the editors do not seem to worry unduly—so the reporting routine continues, year in and year out. But at the beginning of this month, the whole business of Middle East reporting received a kind of 'new look'. The International Press Institute in Zürich, to which some 700 of the leading newspapers in the free world are affiliated, published the results of an inquiry it had conducted into what it called 'the news from the Middle East'.* It was frank, revealing, and remarkably outspoken.

For reporting the Middle East is full of hazards—and pleasures. It is probably the easiest region in the world in which to gather news and information generally, but it is the most difficult from which to report news—seriously and responsibly. The average correspondent in the

Middle East knows more of what is going on there than do his colleagues in almost any other part of the world, and yet he can tell less than most of them.

The late King Abdullah of Jordan was an excellent example of the kind of problem that faces the correspondent. When you visited him, he would ask you whether you wanted an interview, or something that you could publish. The difference between the two was significant. The interview used to be informative, and often breath-takingly frank. He would talk about his plans for a federation with Iraq, or about his royal colleagues, the then King Farouk and King Ibn Sa'ud. Whenever he mentioned Farouk he would make a spitting gesture into the corner of the room. But if you published anything about this, he would issue a formal statement denying that he had said anything of the kind.

The Arab press knew all about this, and they understood the purpose of the denial. But the western papers and news agencies did not understand it. In their eyes a correspondent who has his report questioned by a king is no asset. Correspondents knew that and therefore confined themselves to publishing the version of the interview

* International Press Institute, Zürich, Münsterstrasse 9, price 6s.

which the king's secretary sent a few days later. It usually bore no recognisable resemblance to what was actually said; its meaningless generalities were hardly worth publishing. The real story remained buried in the correspondent's file while the public continued to be fed on carefully selected and prepared news.

As a result it was often not only the public but also governments that were living in a totally erroneous conception of what was going on in the Middle East or what the people of the Middle East were thinking, planning, and doing. The landmarks of both public and governmental awakening stand out in our own recent experience: the Palestine war; the Persian oil *débâcle*; the Egyptian revolution; the Sudan agreement. And I suspect there are more awakenings to come.

The findings of the Report that has now been published are therefore of more than merely newspaper interest; they have, in fact, an urgency which the Report itself does not fully convey. What is it, then, that prevents the correspondent from doing his job? Again the report largely bears out the experience of most correspondents who know the Middle East and its practices—and who know also how newspapers are run. A clue to the trouble is the suspicion which the Middle Eastern states harbour towards newspapermen. In most countries there is a special welcome and expeditious granting of visas when necessary for the visiting correspondent or editor. It is furthermore a generally accepted asset if you can speak the language of the country you intend to visit. But not so in the Middle East, particularly in Iraq and Syria. Every application by a journalist for a visa is referred to the home Government, and if there is further indication that you might converse with the local people in their own language, the chances of obtaining a visa are correspondingly reduced. This practice is particularly effective in keeping travelling correspondents under control. For a correspondent who reports on matters which are unpopular with the regime knows that he will have no second chance of visiting any of the Arab states.

Censorship in countries such as Iraq, Syria, and Jordan is so severe as to make it impossible for local correspondents to report on anything except the official version of the news. Furthermore, the practice of the agencies and of many newspapers of maintaining local men as their correspondents in most places exposes them to exceptional pressures from their governments. The local correspondent has no incentive to get himself into trouble with his own Government. The news agencies and most of the foreign press and governments have consistently left these men in the lurch when they did fall foul of their own authorities. It is therefore understandable that they confine themselves to the reporting of official and safe news. This is particularly true of Iraq, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt.

It also applies, in a different way, to Israel. The Report explains that in Israel the Foreign Ministry or the Jewish Agency tends to bring

moral pressure on local Israelis to 'persuade' them not to report news that might reflect adversely on Israel. The Israel information services also tend to swamp correspondents with news and information which they do not want, and not to give them what they do want.

But in my opinion the Report has tackled this problem of direct and indirect censorship from the wrong end. It has, so to speak, stood it on its head. The clue to the accurate and adequate reporting is to be found I think in the editorial offices in London and Washington, and in the European capitals, rather than in the Middle East. As long as news agencies and newspapers avoid the issue by confining their reporting to what they call 'straight news'—that is speeches, *communiqués*, and undisputed events—then there will be no improvement. For none of these contains or conveys the real Middle East news. It is no help to the public to mention unfamiliar names, or print outrageously incorrect statements merely because a Minister or official says so. In the unfamiliar surroundings of the Middle East, reporting can have value only if the reporter can assess the news for the reader, interpret it, and provide it with the necessary background; and if he is backed to the hilt by his news agency or newspaper.

Unfortunately, the editor of the leading British news agency is quoted in the Report as opposed to this practice, though his American colleagues do not share his views. But as long as the agencies and the newspaper editors cannot agree on what should be the standard, the Middle Eastern governments, censors, and habits will play havoc with the news from the Middle East and those who have to produce it.

Sometimes these practices have their lighter side. During the Palestine war the Israel censorship put a stop on all stories referring to the Haifa Oil Refinery and oil in general. But at the same time there had been a minor political crisis which the Israeli Prime Minister had solved and which I reported by saying that 'Ben-Gurion had poured oil on the political troubled waters'. I still treasure the cable crossed through in red pencil and returned to me with the notation that no reference to oil was permitted. But, unfortunately, it is the more serious side of the problem that affects us. The Middle East remains one of the great undecided areas on the Soviet periphery; its future is still uncertain but its link with Europe is vital. More than ninety per cent. of the oil which western Europe uses comes from the Middle East—almost £1,000,000,000 worth. Surely it is of the greatest importance that we, the public, the press, and the governments, should have a full and free flow of news. It is not only a matter of abstract principle about the freedom of news, or the liberty of the press—it is a very live and real issue for the whole of western Europe. It cannot afford anything like another Persian *débâcle* on a much larger scale. I hope therefore that this valuable Report will be considered by all concerned and that something will be done as a result to improve, at both ends, the flow of information from the Middle East.—*European Service*

Birthday in a University

By KAY M. BAXTER

TWO years ago, in July 1952, an Association was formed to Promote a Third Foundation for Women in the University of Cambridge. Building was out of the question. No state aid could be forthcoming, no grant from the University Treasury. New Hall* owes much to the indomitable energy of the first Chairman of the Association, Dame Myra Curtis, and her committee. Friends inside and outside the university gave encouragement and help. Perhaps the most important gift is that of a large house, with grounds, spacious enough to form the nucleus of a permanent home for the new foundation when the short lease of its provisional home expires.

One cannot escape history. And one cannot but be aware of the presence of godparents about the cradle of the infant Foundation: the founders and foundresses of the great Cambridge colleges, to whose wise liberality generations of students owe their careers—and their characters. Among them are many noble ladies: Elizabeth Countess of Clare, Mary Countess of Pembroke, the Queens Margaret of Anjou and Elizabeth Woodville, Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, the beautiful Frances Sidney, and with them, surely, Miss Emily Davies and Miss Anne Jemima Clough. Indeed, it would ill become any of us moderns to claim the idea of founding a college in Cambridge, or to fail in acknowledging our debt to benefactresses and benefactors long

dead, who believed that education was worth paying for and that Cambridge was a good place to be educated in.

But this is the only college most of us will ever have founded, and some of us are pleased about this birthday. But although there has been a great revolution in the education of girls, yet I do find as I go about the country that there are still a good many people who say 'But what is the use of educating women?' The question is not really one as between the sexes. For the fact is that the proper discipline—the only discipline—for intellect, whether lodged in man or woman, is an intellectual discipline; and intellectual discipline is what the universities have to offer. Employers want women with higher education because in the end they are worth having. These women can ask relevant questions, they can distinguish first-rate from second-rate; 'practically true' from 'true', they don't easily confuse right conduct with success, and in order to achieve a degree they have had to put in several spells of real hard work. And if it is as wife and mother that these women are in fact most of all in demand, there is surely cause for satisfaction that men and women may find life partners who share to the full each others' interests, and that the family may be, in reality, a nursery of education, religion, learning, and research, warmed by parents' mutual understanding.

—From a talk in the Home Service

* New Hall, Cambridge, was opened on October 4.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Forward to What?

IN a review we publish today Professor Barraclough pays tribute to the immense achievement of Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee in now having finished his *Study of History*, in which he ranged over the entire history of civilisation to illustrate his thesis. To have accomplished such a work single-handed in this febrile age is indeed a triumph of perseverance and application, all the more so since it was interrupted by the war and by other duties at Chatham House. Nor has Dr. Toynbee failed to do his share of the lecturing and broadcasting which falls to the lot of a teacher and a prophet. The first three volumes were published in 1933; the second three in 1939; and now the last four volumes have appeared. Those who cavil at the co-operative histories offered by our university presses—which sometimes are not even adequately completed—should join in congratulating Dr. Toynbee in ending his self-imposed task with a flourish. It might seem almost as if we had stepped for a moment out of our disintegrating civilisation with a flash-back to the age of Gibbon and Grote.

Dr. Toynbee has examined the history of twenty-one civilisations including our own, together with that of others that were 'arrested'. He detects a rhythm or pattern in these civilisations and, like other world historians, finds an organic analogy of growth, fulfilment, and decay. Will our own western civilisation now soon die and the world relapse into another 'time of troubles'? It must be admitted that all, or almost all, the symptoms which he detects in other civilisations in their decline may be found today. Take, for example, what he calls 'the sense of promiscuity': vulgarism and barbarism in manners (travel on a London bus), vulgarism and barbarism in art (visit our industrial cities), the spread of a *lingue franche* (Americanism), and syncretism in religion (from Aldous Huxley to Billy Graham), is it pessimistic to find them all around us now? Certainly it would be hard to maintain that in our present epoch, enjoying an apparently ephemeral prosperity, haunted by fear of war, and shot through by the practices of materialism, the prospects are alluring. But then of course that is a conclusion that any contemporary might reach without combing the history of the past. And it is easy enough for Dr. Toynbee's critics to assert that he has read history backwards, discovering by obscure analogy the conclusions he realises for the future. But that is the argument with which all historians who venture to draw conclusions are slapped down by their more cautious colleagues.

What are Dr. Toynbee's conclusions about the future of our civilisation? It would be wrong to say that he is entirely without hope. In his descriptions of western society he lays emphasis upon the part that has been played by Christianity in spite of the attacks of philosophers; he sees the Christian element as both ubiquitous and Protean. And in his latest volumes, Professor Barraclough tells us, Dr. Toynbee considers it conceivable 'that a re-transfer of energy from Economics to Religion' may enable 'a dispirited generation of Western men and women' to 'catch a beckoning gleam of kindly light'. There is always the possibility too that instead of or after the genocide that could be obtained by the hydrogen bomb (and for which Hitler provided a dress rehearsal at Auschwitz) a higher form or species of society might emerge. That has been the dream of many prophets and reformers. Since compulsory education was introduced into this country in 1870 and women were emancipated after 1918 many have dreamt of a better world where men and women would be free and equal, rich and happy. Others, from Plato onwards, have pictured Elders or Guardians guiding lesser men towards an earthly paradise. But those are worldly and utopian visions. Maybe religion is the stronger hope.

What They Are Saying

The London Conference and Mr. Molotov

BROADCASTS FROM BOTH east and west linked comment on the London Conference agreements with comment on Mr. Vyshinsky's disarmament proposals (made when agreement in London was imminent) and on Mr. Molotov's proposals on Germany (made just after agreement in London had been reached). Communist broadcasts did so in order to argue that while the completion of the London decisions would mean (to use Grotewohl's phrase) 'serfdom and war', the fulfilment of Soviet proposals would mean the reunity of Germany and peace. Western broadcasts did so in order to point to the timing of the Soviet proposals—designed as a last-minute attempt to disrupt western unity and defence. Mr. Molotov's proposals in particular were viewed in this light; Mr. Vyshinsky's disarmament proposals were regarded by at least some western commentators as warranting serious study. Many commentators made the point that Soviet concessions are put forward in relation to the firmness and solidarity of the west.

From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as saying:

Molotov has . . . told the Germans that they must choose between rearmament and reunification. Unfortunately he has passed over in silence the already considerable rearmament which has taken place in east Germany.

Most of the French press welcomed the London agreement and forecast that a majority of the National Assembly would support it. A number of newspapers quoted from west Germany expressed high hopes as a result of the London Conference, though some said it could be considered successful only if it led to German reunification. The west Berlin newspaper *Der Tag*, commenting on Mr. Molotov's speech, was quoted as saying:

Advantage should be taken of every favourable and promising situation to discuss with the Soviets the practical aspects of reunification, which must be based on free elections. But such talks must not be prejudiced by the Soviet demand for an immediate withdrawal of occupation troops or by the demand that Germany's military contribution to defence should not materialise. The atmosphere which, according to Molotov, is now favourable for holding four-power talks, is being considerably disturbed by the Soviet Foreign Minister's attempt to torpedo the western unity established in London. He should instead base his German policy on the assumption that this unity is a necessary political reality.

From the U.S.A., a number of newspapers were quoted as paying high tribute to Mr. Eden for his major contribution to the success of the London Conference. The *New York Times* was among other American newspapers to remark that the speed of Mr. Molotov's intervention was a tribute to the importance of what the west had achieved. From Holland, the Independent Liberal *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, speaking of the 'bitter taste' which agreement on the re-creation of a German army aroused in Holland and other countries who had suffered from German aggression in the past, was quoted as saying:

Together with the French and the Belgians we would certainly prefer a world in which we could do without a German army, a world which would reduce its armaments to a minimum. . . . But alas, the struggle of ideologies has assumed proportions which compel the adversaries of totalitarianism to be on their guard.

Broadcasts from Moscow and other communist sources gave great publicity to Mr. Molotov's speech in east Berlin on October 6 and to other aspects of the celebrations marking the fifth anniversary of the East German Republic. Declaring that if the London decisions were carried out, German reunification would become impossible, and the danger of war would be substantially increased, Mr. Molotov declared:

Whatever obstacles Messieurs the western imperialists and their German lackeys may put in the way . . . Germany will be united! Today the Soviet Government declares that it proposes anew to the U.S., British, and French Governments to conclude an agreement on the withdrawal of occupation forces from the territories of east and west Germany, and to settle this matter forthwith. . . . For its part, the U.S.S.R. expresses its willingness to discuss both the problems posed earlier by the participants in the Berlin Conference, and any new proposals which may be made on the problem of free all-German elections:

An article by Ulbricht in *Neues Deutschland*, broadcast among a spate of material from east Germany on the anniversary celebrations, stated:

Let no one believe that the issue of west German rearmament has been decided by the London Conference. . . . The peoples, the German working class, and especially west German youth, have yet to speak.

Did You Hear That?

THE THEATRE IN BRITAIN

'APART FROM LONDON and Stratford-on-Avon', said ALAN DENT in 'London Calling Asia', 'I cannot honestly maintain that things are as prosperous in the rest of the British theatre as they were fifty, forty, thirty, or even twenty years ago. In those latter days, the best plays with the best London actors could be seen regularly in such major cities as Birmingham and Bristol, Manchester and Liverpool and Newcastle, Cardiff and Swansea, Glasgow and Edinburgh and Aberdeen, even in Belfast in Northern Ireland and in Dublin in Eire. After the London run there was usually the "provincial tour"—if not always with the London company, then at least with a first-rate and reputable touring company. I can well remember the words at the foot of the play-poster, "Direct from the Gaiety Theatre, London", giving me a peculiar thrill when I was a boy in Glasgow. It is a great pity that this process seems to have been almost wholly discontinued since the last war.

'Ideally, a play which has been a huge success in London, running for a year or two years or more, should be taken off at the height of its triumph and sent round all the cities I have named. This would do the actors good, and still more it would do the theatre outside London an inestimable amount of good. It would, in fact, set it on its legs again. When I suggest this to London theatre managers they just give me a forbearing smile which makes me feel like an impossible idealist. It seems there are sound and telling economic reasons against restoring the policy.

'It seems that audiences elsewhere would far rather come to London than allow the London productions to come touring. The result—whatever the true reason—is that these theatres get nothing but an occasional "try-out" of a London production before the London production. They have to subsist—for the rest—on fourth-rate touring productions of tired and stale musical plays and farces.

'I wish this were not so. But it just is so. I look at the current list of provincial productions at the major cities in England and Wales and Scotland. It is a dismal and not a cheering list. They have just offered up "The Quaker Girl" in Leeds and "The Belle of New York" at Oxford'.

HUNTING THE TEPONAZTLI

'When the Spaniards took Christianity to Mexico', said MARJORIE GALLOP in a Home Service talk, 'the pagan religion of the Aztecs never entirely disappeared. Many of the old cults just went underground, and were carried on secretly under the name of Brujeria, or witchcraft. When the human sacrifices stopped, the people forgot about them, but they could not forget the drums that had once been sacred, and in some places they hid them away under the guardianship of the Brujos, or witch-doctors, whose job it was to carry on the old cults, and deal in earth magic, and cure illness. Of course, some of the ancient drums have found their way into museums, and you may have seen the queer, horizontal drums called teponaztlis at the Mexican Exhibition in the Tate Gallery last year. They were made out of the section of a hollow log, with two unequal tongues cut out of the top which give out two notes

when struck with a stick. It was my husband's work that took us to Mexico before the war, but his hobby was folklore, so naturally when we heard about these hidden drums we were very anxious to track some of them down.

'We learned of the first one through a friend who had heard a Brujo, in the far-away village of San Christobal, singing a ritual chant. All the time he was singing, he seemed to be drumming his fingers on an invisible teponaztli. That gave a clue. But when our friend questioned him about it, he was evasive. So we decided to investigate. We knew the village ourselves, and had made friends with Miguel, the owner of the village shop. We planned to enlist his help. When we arrived in San Christobal we told Miguel about our quest, and asked him for an introduction to the local Brujo. The Brujo turned out to be

anything but the sinister figure we had been rather expecting. He was a kindly looking Indian, with a gentle, humorous smile, but it was a long time before he would own up to the existence of a teponaztli. However, we had been long enough in Mexico to learn the virtue of patience, and perhaps Miguel's cane brandy helped the negotiations along a bit.

'Next morning we set out, following the Brujo up the steep path out of the village. Suddenly he left the trail, and plunged into the thick jungle, slashing a path through the undergrowth with his sharp machete. The valley dropped away below us, and we worked our way along the foot of a cliff till we came to a crevice. There, lightly covered by branches, and surrounded by dried-up flower offerings, was our first teponaztli.

'It should be played only on the day of the village fiesta, the Brujo told us, or at a time of pestilence or famine. But after a little persuasion he squatted down behind it and struck a few notes while we took a photograph. Some years ago, he said warningly, a party of prospecting engineers had come across it and tried to take it away, but it had suddenly grown so heavy that they could not move it. It was obvious that we were not going to be given the chance to try anything like that. We were content, for the time being, to have seen it at all. But our appetite was whetted by this first success, and it was not long before we were after another drum, which we had heard was kept in a small township about six hours' ride from San Christobal.

'We found the guardian of this drum in his hut, a wizened old man, rather like a Tibetan lama. He was deeply shocked at the idea of taking his charge out of its hiding place for strangers to see. We had to plead and cajole for an hour before he would give way. At last he clambered shakily on to a wooden chest and, from behind a rafter in the roof, he lifted down a bundle of silk material, yellow with age. He unrolled the silk, and there was the drum, carved in the shape of a stylised monkey, with eyes and ear-plugs filled with bits of china, where once, the old man told us, had been pure gold. In the corner of the hut was a little house-altar, under a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. He placed the teponaztli on the altar and then stood back and addressed a speech to it, assuring it of our respect. The monkey's little china eyes seemed to glint wickedly under the calm gaze of the Virgin, while the old guardian told us about the mid-summer festival which always took place at a ruined chapel nearby, with the tell-tale name of the Tower of Xochipilli, the Aztec god of Dance and Song.



Ancient Mexican drum in the shape of a monkey, with its guardian

There used to be two teponaztlis, he said, rather wistfully, but one of them flew away to a neighbouring town.

'We saw our next teponaztli in a village that was famous for the toughness of its inhabitants, none of whom, it first appeared, had so much as heard of a teponaztli. However, their resistance broke down at last. My husband resorted to what we hoped (rather uncomfortably) was only a white lie. He brought out the photograph he had taken of the teponaztli of San Christobal and said that the people of that village sent their greetings and would like to see a photograph of this other teponaztli, whose renown had reached them. The drum was brought out of the cool darkness of the church, and laid on the sun-baked steps. It was carved in the shape of a wolf-like animal, and had a string round its neck which one of the churchwardens held tightly all the time the photograph was being taken. We remembered the teponaztli of Xochipilli, which had flown away to another town, and we realised that you cannot be too careful'.

A FINE MEMORIAL WINDOW

'Among the exciting things taking place in our own time', said R. A. ROBERTSON in 'Arts Review' in the Scottish Home Service, 'is the present revival in stained glass. Perhaps because we are living when the art is in the process of being lifted up from the level of a mere trade to be given its rightful place in the fine arts, we are too close to it, to see it or feel its significance or realise its importance. It must be left to a future generation, able to see the present age in perspective, to estimate this revival at its true worth. And in that assessment the contribution being made to the art by our own Scottish artists will be seen as the driving force that is carrying the revival along its triumphant way.'

'There are several Scottish artists whose work in this field is outstanding and not least of this distinguished band is Gordon Webster, whose window, recently inserted in Glasgow Cathedral, was unveiled by the Queen Mother on September 2. The window is a war memorial for the men of the four Scottish divisions who fell in the first and second world wars and it has been given to the cathedral by the Glasgow Highlanders and The Highland Light Infantry. The window thus combines two war memorials within a single scheme. You may wonder if a combination of this kind can really be successful but when I tell you that the window is not just a single light but is actually made up of fifteen windows you will see at once that striking a balance between the claims of the two donors presented little difficulty to the artist.

'In the eyes of a child the great window in the south transept probably looks like a wall full of separate windows. The child will see a row of four windows and tracery at eye level, above that a row of five windows, above that yet another row of five windows, and over all, seventy feet from the floor, a great rose window.

'The window itself is a part of a scheme to replace the gloomy Munich glass that disfigures the cathedral with

modern work that will let in the light, and to do this Webster uses a grisaille background with an interlacing panel pattern, so that the bright colours within the design are thrown up against a pale, silvery light behind. The design is easily read and comprises the central figures of the Saints Michael and Andrew, traditional martial figures, with battle honours below and crests above. In the tracery are regimental badges.

'Webster's style is reminiscent of Herbert Henrie and, like Henrie, he shows an almost faultless taste. Certainly in this case his gifts are emphatically attested. The eye travelling slowly upwards sees the pale colouring at the foot becoming ever stronger and stronger until it culminates in the glorious harmony of ruby reds that fill the great rose window.

'In this exercise of his genius Webster more than justifies the faith of those who commissioned the work, for not only is the window a fitting memorial, but it is a work holding the essence of dignity and grace, and a beauty that is impressive'.



New stained-glass window in Glasgow Cathedral, a memorial to officers and men of Scottish divisions who were killed in both world wars

ORCHIDS AS MIMICS

'The lizard orchid', explained ANDREW YOUNG in a Third Programme talk, 'does not have a striking likeness to a lizard but the likeness is better than in the monkey orchid, which is a poor ape, but not as good as in the fly, where, as Linnaeus said, only the buzz is wanting. Many foreign orchids mimic animals; of the few in this country the only one not uncommon is the bee. This makes it much sought after, for we are not all as sensible as Agesilaus who, on being invited to hear a man imitate the nightingale's voice, replied, No, 'he had heard the bird itself.'

'The lizard orchid has a reputation for being rare; at times it is even popularly supposed to be extinct. When a local paper reported one had been found near Lewes, people from Eastbourne swarmed over the Downs. The plants which appeared that year on the Kent coast were a remarkable phenomenon. Orchids have the smallest known seeds, a mere dust, and the lizard, though the largest, has the least of all. Such seeds can hang a long time in the air, and the Kent plants may have been French babies, wafted across the Channel.

'But the lizard is not our rarest orchid, not as rare as the monkey, whose only menagerie is the corner of a small field overlooking the Thames. Nor as rare as the epipogium, whose choice it is to spend most of its existence buried alive, so seldom lifting a flower from the earth, that the number of times it has been seen you could count on your fingers. The lady's slipper may have gone entirely, of course one cannot tell; for many years the soldier orchid was thought to have deserted us, but it reappeared. As the botanist, Edward Lousley, who found it was a friend, I expected from him such an invitation as Fronto gave Marcus Aurelius: "Maybe, my boy, you would like to see the flower. Well, I will show it you, if we go for a walk as far as the Illysus". But either he was no Fronto, or he did not regard me as a Marcus Aurelius. I had always thought highly of my friend; that he should refuse to show me this rare plant raised him in my estimation'.



Fly orchid and (right) lizard orchid

Robert Atkinson ('New Naturalist')

Henry Fielding: Then and Now

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

ON October 8, 1754, Henry Fielding died at Lisbon, where he had gone in a last desperate attempt to recover his health. He was only forty-eight, but had lived hard and had been ill for some time, taking all manner of dreadful medicines and 'waters' that probably did him more harm than good. When he joined the ship for Lisbon at Rotherhithe, he had already lost the use of his limbs and had to be hoisted on board in a chair. In his journal of the voyage he describes how the sailors and watermen on the Thames hurled insults at him and roared with laughter. He goes on to say:

It was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men, which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts.

How surprised Fielding would be if he knew that 200 years later such brutal conduct to a dying man would be unthinkable, and that yet, after such a gain in decency and sensitiveness, we should be prepared to slaughter one another by the million! But after the first shock of surprise, he would have enjoyed the grim irony of our situation, with a special relish of the solemn, empty speeches we make in the prospective slaughterhouse.

This man who would never see his fiftieth year had not lived wisely but had seen far more of life, on many different levels, than most men who live to be a hundred. He came of aristocratic stock, though his own branch of two great families was not wealthy. What little money young Harry Fielding had, he soon spent. He was a tall, powerful fellow, with enormous zest, fond of the bottle and any kind of amusing company, imprudent, very generous. Once he borrowed some money from a bookseller for the express purpose of paying his taxes, but being appealed to by a friend even poorer than himself he gave him the money. When the tax-collector appeared, Fielding said to him: 'Friendship has called for the money; let the collector call again'. It would be an interesting experiment to try this generous sentiment on the Somerset House of our day. To keep himself going, Fielding took to writing plays, and before he was thirty had had many comedies and burlesques produced. He had no particular genius for the stage, and these hastily written pieces, mostly filled with topical satire, are no great shakes—though the only one I have ever seen, 'Tom Thumb', made me laugh, I must confess. What is far more important, it even made Swift laugh, no easy conquest.

During this period he married a Wiltshire girl, said to have been 'beautiful and amiable', spent her small fortune within a few years, and, though they loved each other passionately, still went rollicking round the town while she stayed at home wondering and weeping. She died while he was still in his middle thirties, and afterwards he married her maid, who had adored her mistress and shared his sorrow. She made him a good wife and was an excellent mother to his children, to whom he was devoted. But long before this, he had been compelled to leave the theatre and find some other way of earning a living. In 1737, just after Fielding had entered theatrical management, the Government, weary of being lampooned by such wild wits, introduced a bill for the compulsory licensing of plays by the Lord Chamberlain. This ruined Fielding, who had no hope of escaping censorship, for he was the most notorious of the satirical playwrights. I hate to say anything in favour of censorship, licences, and Lord Chamberlains, but it is a fact that Fielding's immediate loss was our gain. The mediocre playwright vanished and in his place appeared the great novelist.

But not at once. He took to the law and after reading hard, often following a long night in a tavern, was called to the Bar and joined the Western Circuit. He was not a success as a barrister, though he must have had many of the qualities of a successful advocate. Probably he

was not sufficiently ambitious in his new profession, and spent too much time writing and roistering. But he had to earn a regular living somehow and finally he secured, probably through the Duke of Bedford, an appointment as magistrate at Bow Street. All the evidence suggests that Fielding, in spite of a style of life not calculated to win the confidence of the higher legal authorities, was in fact an uncommonly good magistrate. He was both zealous and shrewd, and, being a creative type of man, was not content to fall into mere routine. Although his health was now failing, he tried hard to introduce many sensible reforms, and was able to break up many of the murderous gangs of thieves that operated not far from his court. By this time he had turned novelist, bringing to the novel, still a most uncertain form, not only a lively imagination and a fine sense of narrative construction, but also

his immense breadth of experience, his acquaintance with many different sides of life, his knowledge of country squires, town wits, fashionable ladies, alehouse sluts, lawyers, parsons, schoolmasters, rogues and vagabonds. His prodigal living may have emptied his pockets but it had given him a rich store of memories, a wealth of observation, a magnificent equipment for the writing of fiction.

Nevertheless, he arrived at the novel almost by accident. In 1740, Samuel Richardson, a plump little printer in his fifties, had published with immediate success his first novel, *Pamela*, the story, told in letters, of a virtuous parlourmaid who resists her master's attempts to seduce her and succeeds at last in marrying him. We need not be surprised at its success. It had that mixture, often found in the popular Sunday press, of lascivious suggestion and pious indignation, sex and canting morality, which rarely fails if it is cunningly served; and Richardson, who had a feminine genius for elaborate sentimental analysis, was a masterly contriver, a superb slow-motion plotter. So *Pamela* took the town by storm. But Henry Fielding, an essentially masculine genius, was not among its admirers. It was like a dog reading a book by a cat. Indeed, it might be said that Fielding and Richardson, leading two opposed traditions, have divided novel readers and critics between them ever



Henry Fielding, who died 200 years ago, after the posthumous portrait by Hogarth

since: we follow one or the other.

What Fielding did, to show his contempt for this hot-house, tea-party twaddle, was to begin writing a parody, in which Joseph Andrews, Pamela's equally virtuous brother, a footman, has his virtue assaulted by his mistress, Lady Booby. But, fortunately, Fielding soon tired of this joke, gave his characters their heads, and created a genuine comic novel of adventure, the first—and still one of the best—of a kind of fiction that delights us to this day. *Joseph Andrews* was followed some years later by the far more massive and elaborate *Tom Jones*, generally considered his masterpiece. Later came a slighter story, *Amelia*, less entertaining than the other two, with fewer memorable characters, but admirable in its naturalism. He also wrote the *History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*, a gravely ironic account, in mock heroic terms, of an unmitigated ruffian. This, too, is a little masterpiece of its kind, but it is not a kind that many readers at any time much enjoy.

And that is all. Not a great deal, in spite of the sheer size of *Tom Jones*, for a man who for generations was given one of the first places among the world's novelists. Let us take a closer look at him. Like all writers of another age, he can be examined from two quite different points of view, though these are all too often confused. First, we can consider his importance as a figure in the history of our literature. Secondly, we can ask ourselves what he is worth to us today, not as an eighteenth-century giant but simply as one novelist out of hundreds competing for our attention.

Let us take first the literary-historical view. Here, I feel, it is almost impossible to exaggerate his importance. If the English novel can be said to have had a father, then that father is Henry Fielding. Neither Defoe, with his rambling story-of-my-life style, nor Richardson, with his improbable pagodas of correspondence, opened the way as Fielding did. Imitating in prose, and parodying, the epic—and his frequent references to this device are perhaps his most tedious passages—he did succeed in opening out prose narrative, in giving it both a solid construction and a flow, in finding a breadth that made room for characters in the round, and in bringing fiction closer to the appearance of reality. He was a tremendous innovator. It was fifty times easier to be a novelist after Fielding had paved his great highroads. Whether we know it or not, all of us who write fiction owe him an immense debt and should salute his memory. It is for this reason—if I may be allowed a personal note—that I am giving this talk, for I know, if nobody else does, how much I owe this man, to whom I often feel closer than I do to most of the novelists of the last hundred years. That is what I feel; but, after all, I am in the same trade.

We now come to the other point of view, not historical. Never mind about the history of literature, the development of the novel, and all that sort of thing—is he worth reading today, when we have so much to read? Or is he just another of these dead or dying classics, who have to be read by professors and students and need not be read by anybody else? I say emphatically that he is not, and that any intelligent reader who does not know his work should make its acquaintance. I will admit there is a good deal that such a reader will want to skip. There is in fact a strong case to be made out for cutting Fielding's novels, especially *Tom Jones*, where the narrative is held up far too often. The mock heroic stuff, the reflections on human nature, the essay material, can be tedious. Again, much of the horse-play, the slapstick, is no longer to our taste. Some of the straight characters, perhaps including Tom Jones and his Sophia, seem rather featureless and wooden. And something must be allowed for the leisurely and rather portentous eighteenth-century manner. But not, in my view, for his morality, which instead of being dubious is one of the soundest things about him, and a great deal sounder than that of most novelists. It is true that when I was young, *Tom Jones* was barred from many public libraries, and now that a fit of censoriousness has seized us again, some donkey may order the book to be burnt; but in point of fact Fielding is about as obscenely corrupting as a brisk walk.

Like most brisk walks, he offers us much to see and wonder at. Once the narrative is going, there is a fine bustle of life. The changing scenes are well filled with sharply observed characters, generally comic, and rising in Joseph Andrews' friend Parson Adams, so naive in his innocent vanity, to one of the great comic creations of our literature. It was this bustle of life and variety of scene and character that made Byron call Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature'. And Coleridge, no bad judge, exclaimed, 'What a master of composition Fielding was!' and went on to declare that *Tom Jones* was one of the three most perfect plots ever planned.

But Fielding's horse-play and high spirits, his robust appetite for life, have alienated some namby-pamby critics, happier in the hot-house of Samuel Richardson, and have left them blind—and nobody can be more blind than a clever foolish critic—to the less superficial characteristics of Fielding: the solid brainwork behind his fiction, the insight into motives and behaviour, the ever-present grave irony in his narrative, his essential deep-seated morality. Like most men and women who have led a hard life, full of ups and downs, who know what it is to be refused help by a dozen so-called friends and then be saved by an acquaintance, Fielding felt that what was best in a person was genuine goodness of heart, which, in its compassion and generosity, is very different from all the canting professions of virtue.

It is not a point of view popular with men who have led careful, sheltered lives, but is to be found among publicans and sinners and in various parts of the New Testament. And taking this point of view, Fielding throws into sharp relief, especially for those readers who appreciate his constant irony, all the cant, humbug, meanness, and cruelty of those whose real behaviour is based not on a warm heart but on a cold head. By a thousand devices he lights up hypocrisy, showing us all its shifts and stratagems. He is the master hunter of the humbug. And in this chase he uses a wide experience of life, an insight into human nature, a powerful masculine intellect, that make most novelists look like crying children.

Has he anything to say to us now? Not, of course, if the England of 1954 is so very different from the England of 1754, if sheer goodness of heart can now be taken for granted, if cant, humbug, meanness, hypocrisy, have vanished for ever. I leave you to decide that for yourselves. Gibbon, who knew that Fielding was distantly related to the House of Hapsburg, cried in his enthusiasm that *Tom Jones*, 'that exquisite picture of human manners', would outlive the Imperial Eagle of Austria. And he was right: it has done.—*Home Service*

The Managerial Revolution: A Case Study

H. J. HABAKKUK on Unilever

THE saga of William Lever starts as a typical Victorian success story with a soap factory set up at Warrington in 1885 on a capital of £27,000. It ends with his death, forty years later, as head of a combine with a capital of some £60,000,000 and assets which included not only soap factories all over the world, but tropical plantations and trading concerns, antarctic whaling companies, oil mills and refineries, hardening plants, margarine factories and retail shops. Four years after his death, the concern he had created was joined with the continental margarine combine to form Unilever, one of the greatest commercial and industrial leviathans of the modern world. The growth of the Lever concern is the theme of the first of the two volumes which, at the invitation of the firm, Mr. Charles Wilson of Cambridge has devoted to the history of Unilever.* This is one of the first occasions in this country on which a great enterprise has commissioned an academic historian to write its history, and the result is not only a very lively account of a remarkable personality, but the story of the transformation of a whole industry.

The story falls into two parts. For the first twenty years Lever was mainly concerned with the expansion of his own firm. He represented free competition at its fiercest. He did not attempt to buy out or amalgamate with any of his principal rivals. 1906 marks the divide. In the fourteen years that followed he acquired control over all but one of his important competitors, and by 1920 he had achieved undisputed leadership of the British soap industry. At that time Levers and their

associated companies produced, on one estimate, some seventy-five per cent. of the soap made in this country.

The early stages of Lever's career are the easiest to understand. He came at just the right moment in the history of his industry. In the second half of last century there was a large potential demand for soap; for people were becoming at once dirtier and better off. It was a demand which the old-established soap manufacturers were ill adapted to tap. Partly by convention, partly by private agreement, they maintained a division of the market between them. As Mr. Wilson says, 'Preserves were respected and poaching kept to a minimum'.

Lever burst into these limited and local markets with a new type of soap, backed by one of the first great advertising campaigns in our history. He imported slogans from America, he bought the well-known Academy picture 'The New Frock' and made it sell soap, he employed an army of travellers, he ran grandiose prize schemes; altogether in the first twenty years he spent some £2,000,000 on advertising. And he not only acquired a national market for his soap; he enormously stimulated demand among the working classes. He had the luck which industrial genius sometimes deserves, and he turned what was for many people still a luxury into a necessity. Lever was an ardent disciple of Samuel Smiles and *Self Help*, and the first twenty years of his career provide an almost text-book case of the virtues of robust individualism.

But how and why, from being merely the largest of several manufacturers, did he go on to acquire control of a major part of the industry

* *The History of Unilever*. By Charles Wilson. Cassell. 45s.

and to build up so far-flung an empire? The general circumstances that favour the rise of great concerns are well known, and many of these were present in the soap industry around the turn of this century. Most manufacturers still retained a tenacious hold on their traditional markets, and in the face of this resistance there was a limit to the expansion that even the most vigorous firm could achieve. And once soap was firmly fixed in the working-class budget, once the spacious days of rapidly increasing new demand were over—as they were by about 1900—the cost of price wars and advertising campaigns became prohibitive, and their outcome uncertain. These are just the circumstances in which rivals often turn abruptly from intense competition to some form of collaboration. But in the soap industry a giant concern was by no means the only conceivable outcome. There were several other possibilities. The industry might have remained an uneasy concourse of firms each entrenched in its local market, making



William Hesketh Lever, first Viscount Leverhulme (1851-1925), creator of Unilever

and breaking gentlemen's agreements; or there might have emerged a small number of firms of equal strength, held in balance by a cartel.

There were, of course, technical and commercial gains to be made by establishing single control over several firms; gains, for example, to be made by concentrating production at the most efficient plants. And the prospect of such gains certainly played a part in urging Lever on. But not, it seems, a major part. For Lever did not, in fact, drastically interfere with the concerns over which he acquired control. He did not shut down firms, and transfer their manufacture to other plants; he did not reduce the number of soaps to a few standard lines. To a surprising degree, the members of the Lever 'family' retained their individual identity. They could not, it is true, wage total war on each other. But the toilet soap of one associate competed on the hoardings for public approbation against the toilet soap of another. And when one company of the Lever 'family' successfully marketed its brand of soapflakes, other associated companies pressed to be allowed to manufacture soapflakes of a comparable quality. So that within the great empire Lever had built up the smaller and older kingdoms were still visible.

There was a good case to be made out for this policy. Competition between the various units was possibly the best way of keeping the concern on its toes—'the only way', as Lever himself said, 'the string of the bow was kept tight'. And since consumer taste was conservative it is not certain that the concern would have gained by withdrawing old-established brands. Lever's policy may then have been a sensible recognition of the facts, but the facts certainly limited the potential gains from the creation of a combine in this particular industry.

Reading Mr. Wilson's first volume one is forced back on the conclusion that considerations of economic gain were less important in the growth of this particular combine than the curious drives of Lever's own personality. There was plenty of shrewd, hard-headed calculation, just as there was in Napoleon's conquest of Europe. The single step forward was often well-considered, but the circumstances in which it was taken would not have existed but for the overpowering urges of a single individual springing from depths beyond rational calculation. Lever once wrote this report on his own motives:

My happiness is my business. I can see finality for myself, an end, an absolute end; but none for my business. There one has room to breathe, to grow, to expand, and the possibilities are boundless. One can go to places like the Congo, and organise, organise, organise, well, very big things indeed. But I don't work at business only for the sake of money . . . I work at business because business is life. It enables me to do things.

There perhaps we are at the heart of the matter. Like any successful business man, Lever had an extremely good eye for commercial possibilities. But he had much more than this. He had an extraordinarily abundant and quickly fired imagination, tumultuous energy, and a voracious appetite to organise men and mould events. He also enjoyed the good fortune not only to rise to power early but to live a long time, and to live with will unimpaired to the end. His most spectacular achievements were in fact made when he was over sixty.

It was this desire to work on a large scale, because a large scale was satisfying, which explains why Lever's achievements so often wildly overshot the targets set by reasonable calculation. Take, for example, his ventures in Africa and the Pacific. He went to the Congo for raw materials and that was sensible enough. But this is how he spoke when he got there: 'We have got hold of something we can employ all our talents and energy upon for the next quarter of a century and still find plenty to do'. These words, spoken by a man over sixty, are not in the language of profit and loss. In retrospect these tropical ventures do not seem to make a great deal of sense. For long they were unsuccessful, and even when the early difficulties were overcome, they did not serve the purpose for which Lever had originally acquired them. The plantations and the trading companies did not enable his soap factories to obtain oils and fats on especially advantageous terms; they virtually acquired a free and independent existence of their own.

Some of his minor ventures outside the field of soap-making were clearly quixotic. Among the interests which Lever Brothers acquired was a chain of fish shops and a firm which made ice-cream and sausages. I had always supposed that this curious combination arose from the main activities of the concern and was the result of common marketing problems. The truth is scarcely credible, though typical of the man. In his private capacity, Lever bought some islands in the outer Hebrides—presumably, just because he wanted to own an estate. But he could not resist organising even here, and he planned to develop the island's fishing. To market the fish he bought a chain of retail shops; he found that sausages were an indispensable part of a fishmonger's stock-in-trade, hence sausages; but the sausage trade was slack in the summer, hence ice-cream. Lever later sold these interests to his own concern, which thus acquired the random progeny of what had started as a private hobby.

The growth of combines in many different industries and countries



Sir Francis D'Arcy Cooper (1882-1941), successor to William Lever

clearly points to the existence of powerful and widely spread compulsions within the structure of industry itself. And we should understate the force of these compulsions if we were to generalise from Lever Brothers alone. There is much that is highly distinctive about the role of personal ambition in this particular combine. The subject of Mr. Wilson's second volume—the gradual coalescing of the continental margarine firms—provides a more typical story, and it is a story with several characters of great ability, but without a dominating leading part. Nevertheless, when all allowances have been made, I suspect that the

Lever story does no more than exaggerate an element common to the history of most great concerns. If we had similar histories of other combines, we should often find the same type of masterful, creative visionary at work, something of a buccaneer, something of a tyrant, and something of a genius. Certain conditions must exist in an industry before a great concern is possible, but these are necessary, not sufficient, conditions. Whether such a concern does in fact arise depends more often, I suspect, than text-book analysis would lead us to believe, upon

the advent of some exceptionally forceful personality. One is tempted to say that the great concern springs less from the requirements of technology than from the necessities of a particular type of temperament.

After the adventurers come the organisers, after the pioneers the managers. Lever entered the soap industry when it contained a large number of firms; he was drawn to it by the glittering opportunities it offered to a man of aggressive vitality and initiative; all his characteristic qualities were drawn forth in the rough and tumble of price wars and advertising campaigns. His successor, Francis D'Arcy Cooper, was an established accountant, brought in originally to rescue the firm from the financial perils that followed the purchase of the Niger Company. He became chairman at a time when the main problems were those of control, not those of creation.

This work contains photographs of both Lever and his successor. The first beams out at us, expansively and authoritatively, from under a grey top-hat, and from over a white bow-tie; it is the face of a 'character', an 'original'—it might be the face of a great actor of the old school, acknowledging the applause of his admirers. The face of his successor is reticent, controlled, and unselfconscious; it might be the face of a Permanent Secretary snapped unawares at the end of a long meeting. A whole chapter of modern industrial history is summed up in that contrast. For this change in the type of industrial leader is by no means peculiar to this particular firm. On the whole, conditions before the first world war favoured the rise to control of men of exceptionally great ambition, thrust, and initiative. Men like Lever were less confined by the pressures of public opinion or the regulations of Government than either before or since. The organisation of industry allowed them great scope to start in a small way and end up with a fortune of the first magnitude. Such men were the pacemakers of economic progress in the nineteenth century.

There is still a wide field in which this particular combination of qualities can be exercised and developed. But it is a smaller field than fifty years ago. And this is not primarily because high taxation has deprived the glittering prizes of some of their lustre, but because new forms of industrial organisation have arisen which require, or at least develop, a different balance of qualities in the men who control them. It is sometimes suggested that this is no loss; for in future, economic advance will come not, as in the past, from impetuous and aggressive new-comers but from the long-term planning and balanced decisions of great firms already established. This is a plausible argument, but it grossly underestimates our need for individual entrepreneurs of the nineteenth-century type. And it makes us neglect the possibility that in the future an adequate supply of such men will not be forthcoming.

Most men of intelligence and character can be trained to become good—even very good—administrators. Imaginative daring of the sort that transforms an industry is not only much rarer than administrative ability; it requires favourable conditions for its full development. But the new conditions put a premium on patience and prudence, on stability of character and consistency of judgement. The man who comes to the top tends to be the man who can dispassionately weigh opposing arguments and analyse long-term issues. 'We are trustees', said Cooper, soon after he became chairman, 'for some 200,000 shareholders, and we have no right to spend one penny unless we are absolutely certain we are going to get an adequate return'. This is a far cry from Lever's 'Business is life'. In the soap industry Lever destroyed the world in which he rose, and in so doing he made a second Lever impossible.

The interesting question is how these great concerns will develop now that their control has passed to men so different in training and aptitude from the men who created them. Is the period of expansion followed by the period of consolidation, as is so often the case in political history? Is the process of absorption and amalgamation a continuing one? Or are there limits to the possibilities of growth, boundaries set by the inherent difficulties of size, by the existence of rival industrial empires, by the invasion of aggressive new competitors? Will these great concerns confine themselves to ventures within their existing spheres of influence? Or will they be carried by technical progress and market diplomacy into fields loosely related, or related not at all, to their original lines of business?

In this particular case the decades that followed the death of the founder were years of reorganisation. Marketing was simplified, the number of brands of soap was reduced, the less efficient plants were closed down and production concentrated in the best factories. But it was also a period of great expansion. The most spectacular fusion came, in fact, after Lever's death, the merging of the Niger Company with the African and Eastern Trading Corporation to form the United Africa

Company, and the amalgamation with the Dutch margarine combine to form Unilever. And reading Mr. Wilson's volumes, one has the impression that once created these concerns develop a momentum of their own which in some measure takes the place of the personal drives and urges of the founder. Even the will to expand can be institutionalised.

Sidelines, however capricious the motives for their original acquisition, have been retained and developed if their prospects seemed good. New interests have been acquired in fields far removed from the original pursuits of the concern. And this is likely to be a long-term tendency, for a good deal of the experience acquired by a great concern is non-specific; the skill which markets soap or margarine, for example, may be applicable to the marketing of unrelated products like frozen vegetables. Apart from this there are the invitations to new advances thrown up by the research laboratory, which in the world of great concerns has become the main instrument of commercial rivalry. The war of soaps may be over, but the war of the detergents is on.—*Third Programme*

Excerpts from a Report to the Galactic Council

... on the third planet too, life is found.

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(This section is presented in this form under the regulation Which requires a local language and an attempt at least To employ its fullest method: so that the Council's evaluation Of the species may be in accord with the nature of the beast.)

The race is one of those which use (in this case orally) discrete Invariant symbols, recombination of whose elements Can in no sort of circumstances be complete Or even sound as descriptions of real events.

The 'poem' (at which this, in the biped dialect 'English', is an attempt) Is an integration of symbols which may be defined As a semantic composition fusing what is thought and dreamt, And working in senses and thalamus as well as what is called mind.

Moreover it liberates their symbology from over-definition, In that unwonted flexibility is released by the act Of no longer holding the symbols' split for rigid fission Nor the symbol itself as object, but as artefact.

Observation of real events includes the observer, 'heart' and all; (The common measurable features are obtained by omitting this part.) But there is also a common aspect in the emotional Shared by other members of the species: this is conveyed by 'art'.

The poem combines all these, so that the whole scene Can penetrate the biped's organism at every level. With the aid of the empathy conditioner and the translation machine We believe that the Council will find the method intelligible.

A further note on this race is that, like those of Deneb III Its reproductive method is the sexual, which has led (Relevant at this point) to ability to conceive otherness, mystery, Illumining life, thought, and especially poem, from the bed.

Before the body of the report, it would be well to enter the caveat That 'verse' is better than the race's thought as a whole. In general practice they reify abstractions; at The price of wars, etc., fail to keep symbols under control.

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We can now proceed to the detailed evidence. An O.P. Was established on the nearby satellite, from which Descent was effected to the surface, in spite of the higher G; Normal secrecy precautions worked without a hitch.

Accompanying records show ...

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Law and Obscenity

The second of two talks by F. J. ODGERS

IN the first of these talks* I tried to show how the courts have laid down a test of obscenity as an offence in English law—Cockburn's test in the case of *Hicklin*—the test of the tendency of the matter to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influences and into whose hands the matter may fall. And now the procedure for dealing with obscenity cases.

At common law the publishing of obscene matter is a misdemeanour punishable by a fine or imprisonment or both. As a common law misdemeanour it is triable on indictment by a jury at Assizes or Quarter Sessions. But if it is thought expedient, and the accused consents, the offence can be tried summarily by the magistrates. In 1953 the number of prosecutions of which I know—the figures may not be complete—was thirty-eight. Of these, thirty-three were dealt with summarily by the magistrates, and five were tried on indictment. These thirty-eight prosecutions led to twelve prison sentences and to fines and costs totalling over £3,300. These are, of course, prosecutions of individuals or of companies and have as their object the punishment of the offenders.

Is There a Common Standard?

As the test of obscenity is an elastic one, the first question most people ask is: is there a common standard for the prosecution of this type of offence throughout the country? The answer, I think, is this: only a jury, or the magistrates, can hold that a publication is obscene in the legal sense, but it has been accepted as desirable that there should be some filter through which preliminary allegations of obscenity can be passed before the magistrates or the jury are put to the task of decision. So the Prosecution of Offences Regulations of 1946 provide that a chief officer of police shall, as respects offences alleged to have been committed in his district, report to the Director of Public Prosecutions all cases of obscene or indecent libels, exhibitions or publications in which it appears to him, the chief officer of police, that there is a *prima facie* case for prosecution. The police, therefore, do not instigate proceedings for obscenity against an accused—with a view, that is, to his punishment—without first reporting the matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

It is not only the police who report *prima facie* cases of obscenity. Individuals and societies of one sort or another also draw attention to works that they think warrant proceedings—and sometimes, indeed, the pressure of cranks has to be resisted diplomatically. Any holder of the office of Director of Public Prosecutions will deny strongly the suggestion that he is in any way a censor. He is not. He has no power to authorise or prohibit any publication. His decision on matters brought to his notice is simply: 'I think this should be put to the test', or 'I do not think that a court should be troubled with this', in which latter case he decides that he will not proceed with a charge. This does not mean that a private person could not lay an information and bring the case before a court, for neither the Director nor the police have an exclusive right to prosecute; but in practice the likelihood of a private prosecution is slight. So in prosecutions for obscenity—I am not yet speaking of destruction orders made by the magistrates—a measure of uniformity results from the intervention of the Director of Public Prosecutions. It must always be remembered that an unsuccessful prosecution leads to considerable advertisement of the book in question, and may result in its reaching a much wider public than it would have done if no proceedings had been taken.

If under the existing system—which I am trying to explain and not necessarily to justify—it is decided to prosecute, the accused person or persons will be brought before the magistrates and, unless the case is disposed of summarily with the accused's consent, the magistrates will commit the accused for trial if they think a *prima facie* case has been made out. At the Central Criminal Court, Assizes or Quarter Sessions, the indictment will charge the offence of publishing obscene libel and particulars will be deposited with the indictment. It has sometimes been said in criticism of the procedure that a book cannot be judged properly on isolated passages, but this criticism is not fair to the modern practice. In the case of the American novel, tried in July before Mr. Justice Stable

and a jury at the Old Bailey, the judge said that the jury would not be kept in the box, they would each be given a copy of the book to take home and read. 'Do not pick out the highlights', he said, 'read it as a book and we will come back here on Friday and proceed with the case'. In March, the first day of a hearing, again at the Old Bailey, was spent in reading the books in question, and even more recently the Recorder has adjourned at the end of the first day, giving the jury the following day in which to read the novel charged. The jury, then, are invited—and instructed by the judge—to consider the book as a whole.

And now another point on which there has been some discussion. Can the jury, in considering whether the book is obscene in the legal sense, consider other books circulating freely at the same time and not materially different from the one before them? Can they, in other words, be asked by the defence to say: 'If these other books have not been the subject of a charge we should not bring in a verdict against this one'? The answer of the Courts is no. In the Scots case of *Galletly and Laird* (1953 s.c. (J.) 16), the Lord Justice-General said: 'The character of other books is a collateral issue, the exploration of which would be endless and futile. If the books produced by the prosecution are obscene, their quality in that respect cannot be made better by examining other books, or listening to the opinions of other people with regard to these other books'. This statement of the law was adopted by the Court of Criminal Appeal as being the law of England also in *R. v. Reiter* [1954] 2. W.L.R. 638; 1 All E.R. 741. The ruling has perhaps been misunderstood by some people. The Court of Criminal Appeal did not say that the jury must apply standards other than those of today—the court recognised, of course, that the jury had to decide whether the books before them did in fact, at the time of their circulation, tend to deprave and corrupt, but it rejected the suggestion that the jury should compare them with other books which at the time had not been the subject of a prosecution. 'The book itself provides the best evidence of its own indecency or obscenity or of the absence of such qualities'. And, for that matter, other books prayed in aid by the defence might well be the subject of prosecution at a later date.

After hearing both sides, after reading the book, and after a summing up by the judge and a direction on the law as in *Hicklin* and the cases following it, the jury must make their decision of fact. It is not always an easy one. In the case of the American novel in July, Mr. Justice Stable used these words in his direction to the jury: 'Your verdict will have a great bearing upon where the line is drawn between liberty and that freedom to read and think as the spirit moves us, on the one hand, and on the other a licence that is an affront to the society of which each of us is a member. The discharge of this important duty rests fairly and squarely on your shoulders. It is not what I think about this book; it is the conclusion that you come to, and you represent the vast diversity of minds and ages which is the reading public of the English-speaking world'.

Destruction Order

So much, then, for the prosecution of an offender, the first procedure. And now the totally different procedure under which the magistrates may make a destruction order in respect of obscene matter. This procedure is laid down by statute—the Obscene Publications Act of 1857. This Act, as the Lord Chief Justice has said in a case this year, provides its own procedure and is a complete code in itself. The Act contains no penalties except the destruction of the obscene publications. The procedure under it differs from the prosecution in that there is no prosecutor bearing an onus of proving guilt, no accused person, no one to be punished by fine or imprisonment. The Act was passed nearly a 100 years ago and the procedure was designed, as a preventive measure, to prevent the dissemination of filthy pictures, writings, and articles.

What happens is this. The police receive a complaint from a member of the public or perhaps they are moved by their own observation to take action in respect of certain books or papers or prints or pictures or other articles, such as dolls or novelties, in their district. Frequently it is an ordinary citizen who begins it, for the police as a rule have

little time to go hunting for obscenities. Then a formal complaint is made to the magistrates by a police officer stating on oath that he has reason to believe, and does believe, that there are, within the magistrates' jurisdiction, obscene articles kept in certain premises or places for sale and distribution, and that one or more of them has in fact been sold or distributed. If the magistrates are satisfied that on the face of it there is a proper case, they issue a warrant giving authority to a police officer to enter the premises and search and seize the publications or other articles. These are brought before the magistrates and, unless they are satisfied on sight that no further action is necessary, the magistrates issue a summons calling on the occupier of the premises, or—as we shall see—the owner of the articles, to appear within seven days to show cause why such of the articles seized as appear to them to be obscene should not be destroyed.

This procedure is used more frequently than the prosecution we discussed earlier. In 1953 there were at least 216 destruction orders as against thirty-eight prosecutions. It was under this procedure that the pamphlets were seized in Wolverhampton in 1867, and it was under this procedure that the 348 books, including the *Decameron*, were seized in Swindon in July of this year. When the books are before the magistrates and the return day for the summons arrives, the magistrates must be satisfied that the works are obscene within the *Hicklin* test. If they are, they order them to be destroyed. If they are not, they order them to be returned. From a destruction order an appeal lies—as in the *Decameron* case—to the Appeal Committee of Quarter Sessions, and on a point of law a case can be stated for a Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division.

Unusual Procedure

Recently a Divisional Court has stressed that the procedure under this Act of 1857 is not the procedure of the ordinary criminal prosecution. In the case of books, the police or other complainant may mark passages to indicate what is regarded as obscene, but there is no onus on him to do so. It does not require evidence to satisfy the magistrates that the book is obscene: the only way in which the magistrates can be satisfied that books are obscene is by reading them and looking at them, and they are not required to go through them in court at the hearing of the summons. If they have read them after their seizure they are entitled to say so, and to say they are ready to proceed. They will hear the occupier of the premises, or the owner of the books, if he appears and has anything to say, and, subject to this, if they are satisfied that the publications are obscene it is their duty to make an order for their destruction.

This procedure has been criticised on a number of grounds. It has been pointed out that a destruction order is based on the decision of two magistrates or of a single stipendiary magistrate, whereas in a prosecution the accused can always insist on the decision being left to a jury of twelve. It has been argued that the difficulties of defending a book under this procedure are considerable where the complainant does not put in evidence any particular passages alleged to be obscene. Difficulties, it is said, arise as to future editions if the magistrates, basing their decision on reading done between seizure and hearing, do not specify the parts they regard as objectionable. Moreover, the summons to show cause why the books should not be destroyed is addressed to the occupier of the premises where they are seized. He can appear and so can any other person who claims to be the owner of the books—in defence, that is, of his property—but no provision is made for notifying the author or publishers and they have no legal right to appear. They are frequently permitted by the magistrates to appear or to be represented if they wish it, but this is not a right and it may be that they will not know of the proceedings. Finally, the destruction order operates only against the particular books seized and brought before the magistrates. It has no direct legal effect on other copies of the same books whether in the same place or elsewhere. These can be sold with impunity by anyone who cares, as it were, to back his chances with his own local magistrates, though, of course, if a book is consistently destroyed the risk of prosecution will become greater. There are undoubtedly local inconsistencies—the Director of Public Prosecutions can be consulted before these proceedings are instituted, but there is no statutory requirement that he shall be consulted.

There is force in all these criticisms but against them must be set the purpose of the legislation—which is to give a power to destroy obscene matter before it can do harm, a power to be exercised locally and speedily, a power more akin to the removal of refuse from the streets

than to the ordinary criminal prosecution. And it would be an error to think of destruction orders as being the normal method of dealing with books published by established and well-known houses. They are used far more frequently in respect of grossly obscene typescripts, lurid paper-backed publications—sometimes it is only the covers or the illustrations inside them that are objectionable—particular numbers of periodicals, pseudo-art studies, postcards, and things of that sort. Some of the matter disposed of by destruction orders, made by magistrates performing their duty as they see it, certainly falls within the category described by a judge recently as 'pornography, the filthy bawdy muck that is just filth for filth's sake.' Such books are not literature', he said, 'they have got no message; they have got no inspiration; they have got no thought. They have got nothing. They are just filth and ought to be stamped out'. When the net catches a book like the *Decameron* it is not infrequently because it is being offered in association with other books of a worthless character.

What Are the Alternatives?

What, then, are the alternatives to the existing law of obscenity? I suppose, at one extreme, a complete immunity, a right to publish anything in any form, relying on writers and publishers to set their own standards, or to reflect what they think is public opinion. Such a right can be given only by Act of Parliament abrogating the common law and will, to many, seem unthinkable. At the other extreme, an official censorship—perhaps equally unthinkable. In between, there could be a statutory definition of obscenity removing the emphasis from *tendency* to deprave and corrupt, and basing the offence on intention. Intention—motive—is difficult to prove and there might be much abuse if the offence depended on it. Under such a test the pamphlets in *Hicklin* would not have been obscene. A suggestion has been made that there should be a panel of experts appointed to advise as to whether there should be a prosecution in any given case, but I am not sure on what it is intended that they should base their advice. Is it meant to give immunity to 'literature' as distinct from dirt for dirt's sake? Are the experts to replace the Director of Public Prosecutions or the jury? Of course, and on stronger ground I think, there are suggestions for amendment of the destruction order procedure. These are certainly worthy of careful consideration. Finally, there is the simple course of leaving things as they are until it is well established that they would be better, and not worse, under a different system.

—Third Programme

Sense of Humour, by Stephen Potter (Reinhardt, 15s.), though it has anthology virtues, is not an anthology: it is a compilation of humorous pieces reflecting the tastes of a connoisseur who wishes to make the point that English humour had its beginning at an identifiable period and that it has since evolved into an indispensable ingredient of the national character. When and why are the postulates which he discusses and illustrates with diligent discrimination, only to prove that this is not enough, that he is trafficking in stuff that eludes the network of print which he has designed to contain it. Apparently it is too volatile for the donnish refining process which gave us his *Gamesmanship*. Meredith's formula comes to mind, that to appreciate humour it is necessary to know the world. Stephen Potter's world is the quadrangle, though he is judiciously alert to what is going on beyond the walls, the epigrammatic *finesse* of the clubs, the badinage of the bars. As a sign of his contemporary awareness, he takes fairly frequent peeps at the last of the nation's queues, those for the bus, and he does not disdain listening to the Light Programme.

A handicap of the anthologist of humour (which Mr. Potter does not here claim to be) is that he has small access to the varied sources of direct social intercourse and conversational exchange. So many of the most telling examples of essential humour are thus never recorded, cherished though they may be by attendant memories. This involves prodigious omissions: for example, the incomparable flow of Billy Leonard, one-time Gaiety comedian, who for years has kept his circle enchanted by his brilliant gift for seeing the humorous core of character and situation. Mr. Potter has nothing so funny as some of the comments of this great private comic. His measure of literary examples is generous. Sometimes he draws on sources that hardly seem relevant to his theme. Harold Nicolson, on Tennyson; the extract from a novel by Nigel Balchin; a reporter's description of a Buchmanite meeting: these might not merit, in this context, a panel game 'loose yes'. But the stuff of his subject, we know, is as quicksilver and unaccountable to any taste but his own. His compilation has in it the possibility of considerable passing pleasure and, for those who know their Hazlitt, Thackeray, Meredith, Bergson, and Havelock Ellis, a stimulus to more than superficial reflection.

The Inconsistencies of William Morris

The second talk by PETER FLOUD giving a new view of the artist*

I WANT to draw attention to some surprising contradictions between William Morris' own art and his theories about art. As far as I know, they have never been pointed out before. I suppose there has never been an artist who was more articulate than Morris. Writing came as easily to him as designing. He once said: 'If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving tapestry, he'd better shut up'; and I am sure he meant this seriously and was not just being clever. I do not know how many people still read his poetry—I cannot—but there is no doubt about the topicality of his prose writings on art and its social implications. I have recently re-read most of them, and have been amazed at how up to date they are, after more than seventy years.

At first sight there seems to be no contradiction between the views set out in these prose writings and Morris' own designs. The thread that runs through all his lectures and articles is that hand-craftsmanship is essentially superior to machine production, and as about ninety-five per cent. of all his designs were executed by hand this seems to fit in perfectly well. But it is not as simple as that. In the first place, according to Morris' own doctrine, the real distinction is not between hand and machine, but between unified production by a single craftsman and split-up production under the division of labour. It was division of labour that was Morris' real enemy, and he regarded machine-production as merely its latest and worst form. He claimed that the decline in standards of craftsmanship and in public taste, which had become so obvious by the middle of the nineteenth century, was only the last stage in a long process that began when the introduction of the division of labour broke up the good old medieval system under which everything—whether a table, a plough, or a stained-glass window—was made not merely by hand, but by one pair of hands from start to finish.

This is the essence of Morris' philosophy, and he argues it convincingly. What he maintains is that as soon as you divide a job between several craftsmen, and in particular as soon as you separate off the designer from the craftsman, the work of each becomes meaningless, and no one of them can any longer take a personal pride in the finished article (in fact, many of them will never see it). The designer loses touch with the technical requirements of his craft, and the craftsmen lose interest in the quality of their own product, and in the long run lose the capacity to distinguish quality in the products of others. So the

decline in standards of craftsmanship and the deterioration of public taste go hand in hand.

Then there is another point. It is usually assumed that when people talk of the advantages of hand-craftsmanship they mean that it produces more beautiful things than machines do. Morris certainly thought that, but it was not his main argument. In all his writings he claims that the main merit of the hand over the machine is not that it makes better or more beautiful products, but simply that hand-work is pleasanter than machine-work. Morris himself loved his work so much that it caused him real anguish to think that in the world around him nine-tenths of his compatriots regarded their daily work as meaningless drudgery giving no pleasure or satisfaction, and he longed for a society—like that which he pictured in his utopia in *News from Nowhere*—in which everyone could take an interest in a whole, continuous, satisfying job.

It is this part of Morris' doctrine which originally inspired the arts and crafts movement both here and abroad—and still inspires it. The interesting thing is that in arts and crafts circles this emphasis, not merely on hand-work but on a job carried out from start to finish by a single designer-craftsman, is now recognised as part of the accepted gospel of the movement. For instance, an arts and crafts exhibition today might well stretch a point and include an embroidery done on a sewing-machine, as long as it was designed and worked by one person, while at the same time excluding a rug made by hand if it was designed by one person but executed by another. Or someone who just bought unglazed plates from a local pottery, painted them and sent them back to be fired, would hardly be regarded as a craftsman, though he certainly is a hand-worker; to qualify as

a craftsman he would have to have his own wheel and kiln, as well. The criterion is clear: a designer-craftsman must design and carry out the whole job from beginning to end.

This is why I mentioned a contradiction between Morris' work and his theories, for there is one thing we can be certain about and that is that he was not a craftsman in this sense at all. It is true that his designs were carried out by hand, but not by his hand. He almost never executed any of his designs himself. He wove one tapestry to discover how it should be done; he wrote out some illuminated manuscripts; but that is all; except possibly for a few pieces of stained glass which he may have painted. All the rest, including the great mass of the wallpapers,



A small section of the embroidery designed by William Morris which took a needlewoman seventeen years to complete
Victoria and Albert Museum

* The first talk was published on October 7.

chintzes, embroideries, carpets, and so on, on which his reputation is based, were executed by others. Morris was not therefore a designer-craftsman at all in the sense established by his own writings; he was a paper-designer whose designs were executed by professional craftsmen operating according to the hated principle of the division of labour.

This plain fact, and the contradiction which it implies, has usually been clouded over by a sort of Morris myth which somehow presumes that his practice as a designer must have conformed to his theories as a writer. Two different pieces of evidence have seemed to lend substance to this myth. First, all biographies of Morris vividly describe him in his linen shirt and overalls, his arms dyed blue to the elbows from dabbling in the indigo vats. This sounds the authentic arts and crafts note, it is true. But it merely proves that before designing for a particular medium, Morris went to great lengths to master its technical details; it does not in any way alter the fact that, once he had completed his design to his satisfaction, he then passed it over to others to carry out. Secondly, it is well known that Morris set up his own workshops at Merton Abbey in Surrey, and this seems to lend weight to the assumption that, though he did not actually execute his designs himself, he personally supervised their execution so closely that the result was much the same. But this has been much exaggerated. On looking into the matter I have been astonished to find that probably more than fifty per cent. of Morris' designs were executed not in his own Merton Abbey workshops at all, but by outside contract to other firms: all the wallpapers at Islington, many chintzes up in Leek, carpets at Heckmondwike and Kidderminster, silks at Macclesfield, muslins in Ayrshire, and so on—something that you would never gather from the standard books.

I am not suggesting that the silks were any the worse or less beautiful for being woven at Macclesfield rather than Merton; what I am saying is that the system whereby the design was drawn on paper by Morris in London but woven by anonymous silk-weavers in Cheshire bore no resemblance to Morris' own ideal of the medieval craftsman carrying out the whole job himself, nor to the arts and crafts movement's typical designer-craftsman. Compare Morris' methods of work with one of these. Take Mrs. Ethel Mairet, the world-famous hand-weaver who died last year. She did everything herself, spinning, dyeing, setting-up the loom, weaving, finishing the cloth, and so on, and she worked out her designs not on paper but on the loom itself. When she died, she did not leave in her workshop at Ditchling portfolios of paper-designs like Morris. She left hundreds of experimental samples of weaving.

Serial Hand-Production on a Factory Basis

Another contrast makes the same point. After Morris' death, production of his designs went on undisturbed, and at least one of his designs was put into production only after his death. But no one could imagine producing Mrs. Mairet's textiles after her death, for their special quality depended on their being not only designed but actually made by her herself. The same applies to all the studio-potters up and down the country who form such an active part of the arts and crafts movement today. To my mind the key to the whole thing is that though Morris' designs were certainly executed by hand, they are not examples of individual craftwork, but rather what one can call serial hand-production on a factory basis, which makes full use of the division of labour and differs very little in its moral and social implications from straightforward machine-production.

In order to make sure that I was right about this I recently spent the better part of a day at a large wallpaper factory where both hand-printed and machine-printed papers are made. The hand process is exactly the same as it was in Morris' day. The experts at the factory all agreed that Morris was right in insisting that all his designs should be printed by hand, for hand-printed papers are undoubtedly better than machine-printed. But this superiority is not at all due to the hand being capable of greater freedom or finesse or delicacy than the machine. It is due to two prosaic technical details with no social implications at all. First, the size of the pattern in a machine-printed paper is limited by the circumference of the printing-roller, whereas in a hand-blocked paper it can be as big as you like (which is not necessarily an advantage aesthetically). Secondly, in hand-printing the colours are put on one by one and have time to dry, so you can use rich, thick, opaque colours, whereas in a big rotary machine all the colours—up to twenty—are printed at once, and you therefore have to use very quick-drying, and that means thin, colours. As you can see, if chemists invented tomorrow a new quick-drying opaque pigment, this advantage of hand-printing would disappear overnight.

When I actually watched the men at work my feelings about this contradiction between Morris' theory and practice were strongly confirmed. The hand-block printer has to print one colour of the pattern over and over again down the long roll of paper, taking great care to see that each impression of the block exactly fits the next so that no joins are visible. Monotonous and repetitive work, I thought, needing considerable skill, but certainly not calling for any spontaneous aesthetic judgement or independent initiative. By contrast, the men on the huge rotary printing presses seemed to have a more varied and interesting job, watching to see that the dozen or so colours were all feeding through in the right consistencies, gauging the tension of the paper, and so on: very like work on a newspaper-press and certainly not to be classed as soul-destroying drudgery.

I hope I have now proved my point that Morris' designs, though done by hand, required a type of niggling, mechanical, repetitive hand-work altogether different from his picture of the happy medieval stonemason, for example, putting his whole heart into the carving of the capitals in a village church, each one different and expressing his varying moods. What still needs explaining is how Morris, for all his ruthless logic, let this inconsistency pass.

Great Gifts in a Narrow Field

I think the answer must be sought in a curious fact that seems to have escaped the notice of all writers on Morris. His gifts as a creative artist, though very great indeed, were limited to a narrow field, that of flat, repeating patterns. So many wild statements have been made about Morris' influence on furniture, glass, and pottery, that it comes as a shock to realise that he never designed anything three-dimensional in his life. One thinks of him as so versatile that one forgets that it is versatility within those narrow limits of pattern for flat surfaces. About eighty per cent. of these patterns are repeating patterns—that is, they can be extended infinitely in all directions—and this happens to be just the one sort of design which leaves no place for the spontaneous craftsman, but which cries out for the endless repetitive facility of the machine. This is a strange paradox: that the man whose work, above that of all other designers, was best adapted to that undeviating and infinite multiplication which is the special virtue of the machine should at the same time have been the most eloquent protagonist of hand-crafts as opposed to machine-production.

Not only are most of Morris' designs repeating patterns, but those that repeat are usually better than those that do not. You can see this best in his carpets, where both sorts can be compared. He designed a large number of individually made hand-tufted rugs—the so-called Hammersmith rugs—where the pattern can be as free as you like because every little tuft is put in separately. On the whole they are not very successful. He also made about twenty designs for machine-woven carpeting, where the overall pattern must repeat mechanically to cover any size of floor or length of stair. These, though more or less unknown, are very attractive. I wish some of them were still in production today.

One curious thing is that repeating patterns came so naturally to Morris that he even produced them when they were not really suitable. One of his patrons decided to embark on the herculean task of covering the whole wall-space of a large drawing-room with embroidery, and asked him for a design. He produced an exceptionally fine repeating pattern, with the result that the embroideress, who devoted seventeen years to the work, had to repeat the same design something like thirty times before she was finished. The finished embroidery—it is still in place on the walls—looks wonderful, but surely it would have been more sensible to design something that would have been less monotonous to execute and would have exploited the capacity of embroidery to produce a free-flowing design not tied down to precise repetition like a wallpaper. I think this shows that Morris' special gifts as a designer—his uncanny power of organising the most complex repeating patterns with a skill that has never been rivalled—compelled him to design in this way despite the fact that by doing so he was going against his views about the need for variety and initiative in work.

Before the Revolution

There is one thing that can be said in extenuation of Morris' inconsistency. He was so convinced that art could not live unless capitalism was destroyed, that he was not really much concerned with trying to improve the condition of art under capitalism. He might therefore have excused his inconsistency by explaining that he had no illusions that the workmen who executed his designs were happy, self-reliant craftsmen, absorbed in the exercise of their independent judgement and

initiative. No one could hope for that till after the revolution, and in the meantime the best he could do was to see that at least they were decently paid and encouraged to join a trade union. But this does not answer the point. Even after the revolution, in the utopian commonwealth of *News from Nowhere*, Morris would probably still have been compelled by the internal pressure of his own gifts to pour out his wonderful repeating patterns, and the same problem would still arise: how to produce this sort of repeating design except by machine or by forcing people to use their hands as precisely and repetitiously as if they were machines. You cannot escape the fact that, revolution or no revolution, the essence of a repeating pattern is that it repeats exactly and endlessly, leaving no room for spontaneous variation or individual

initiative. Either it must be produced by a machine, or else by a man imitating a machine—and surely common sense must prefer the former.

I do not want to leave the impression that in these two talks I have been 'debunking' Morris. That would be presumptuous, for his reputation is secure against any such treatment. In any case, nothing could be further from my intention, for I personally believe him to be both the greatest pattern-designer of all time and the most consistently readable and stimulating of all writers on the social implications of art. Just because I admire his work so much, I have wanted to try to cut away some of the confused tangle of misunderstandings that have grown up round it, and to analyse his achievement as it really was.

—Third Programme

Fiction and the Early Victorians

By GRAHAM HOUGH

OF all the products of the Victorian imagination the novel has probably survived with least change of fortune. While the poetry has been subjected to a bewildering see-saw of revaluations and rehabilitations, the novels have gone on being read, and for roughly the same reasons. The esteem in which Dickens and Thackeray have been held has varied slightly in its emphasis, but its essential quality has not altered. Trollope slumped in the aesthetic 'nineties—he looked too much like a competent manufacturer; George Eliot slumped in the 'twenties—she was too much of a moralist, and fashionable taste valued texture more highly than substance; but there was always an underground stream of affection and respect, and their reputations soon recovered.

One reason for this, I believe, is the relatively unorganised state of the criticism of the novel: the novel is a popular, not a learned art, and what Dr. Johnson called 'the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices' changes less often than 'the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning'. Things are changing, of course; the admiration for Henry James has given rise to a new scholasticism; and we could hardly speak now as Virginia Woolf did in 1927, when she complained that fiction was in difficulties because no rules had been drawn up for her, and so little thinking done on her behalf. Nevertheless, it does remain true that the Victorian novel, when you consider that it is a major department of our literature—the comparison of its weight and scale with that of the Elizabethan drama is at least not absurd—has had remarkably little scholarly attention.

On this account Kathleen Tillotson's new book, *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties**, is particularly welcome. The title may strike one as a little odd—the thought of the eighteen-forties does not call up any very obvious literary image in my breast—not, at any rate, till I have consulted a work of reference: and it faintly suggests a belief that the creative spirit moves in regular ten-year cycles, completed of course by a major revolution every hundred. But this is not Mrs. Tillotson's intention. The 'forties are not, it is true, a very clear concept, as the 'nineties, rather fallaciously, seem to be, but her justification for isolating them is in the general use of the blanket term 'Victorian'. What does Victorian mean? In the general imagination, anything between Carlyle, who was born in the same year as Keats, to Meredith, who died shortly before the first world war. This is far too big a slab to handle. The novels of the 'forties turn out to include five major works of Dickens from *The Old Curiosity Shop* to *David Copperfield*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, nearly all the Brontës, Disraeli's three most important novels, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* and Kingsley's *Yeast*. Trollope had just started to write in this decade. Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Meredith, and George Eliot had not yet published at all. So Mrs. Tillotson's real theme is the early-Victorian novel, and her period is the time when the foundations of this particularly rich department of our prose fiction were being laid.

What do we want to know about the novels of this time? Not, surely, any more mere opinions about them. When a writer's ultimate scope and purpose is still uncertain, as I think it is with Henry James, the mere clash of subjective judgements may produce some new light. But there is not any real clash of opinion about *David Copperfield* or *Jane Eyre*. Nor do we find it difficult to put ourselves back into the atmosphere

of those times—as we do with the perpetually mysterious Elizabethans. My grandmother heard Dickens read, and we still trundle about the country on railways built in this epoch: it is not so very far away. What sort of scholarly information, therefore, do we need about the Victorian novel? I think we need a great deal. Just because it is all fairly familiar we take far too much for granted. We need far more, and more detailed, information about the public for whom the novelists wrote, about their tastes and how they were formed, about what was expected in the novel of this time, how novels were brought before the public, the relation between writers and readers. It is exactly this that Mrs. Tillotson gives us in the first half of her book, and this mass of fresh, copious, and detailed information makes it a delight to read.

The novel is more subject to extra-aesthetic, social, and ultimately commercial considerations than any other form of literature except the drama. We all have some idea how these pressures worked in the nineteenth century. The article most in demand was the three-volume novel at half-a-guinea a volume: and it has often been suspected that the length of many Victorian novels has been dictated by the necessity for filling the standard measure rather than by any artistic consideration. It is also common knowledge that many of the great Victorian novels came out in serial form, or in separate monthly parts. The public liked it, it distributed the cost and increased the suspense—it is hard to imagine now the excitement with which the next number of *Pickwick* was awaited—and the author liked it for its large and rapid financial returns. What were the effects of this mode of production on the novels themselves? The first and most important was an extraordinarily close connection between writer and reader. Writing a novel becomes a sort of public performance, with an immediate actor-audience relationship. Composition was hand-to-mouth; one number was before the readers' eyes while not a line of the next had been written; and even if the whole had been planned out, as with Dickens it usually was, there was the perpetual agony of writing against time, and the perpetual possibility of altering the direction of the plot in response to an immediate public demand. It is not surprising, therefore, that the novel composed under these conditions was neither experimental in form nor sophisticated in structure.

But, of course, it is precisely the structure that is affected by this method of composition. If a book is to come out in separate shillings—worths each one must be obviously value for money—that is, each monthly part must be to some extent a separate entity, with an individual centre of interest and a pointed ending which will carry on the suspense to the next number. Some writers hated this—Mrs. Gaskell, for instance. Dickens had trouble with her over it when she wrote a serial for *Household Words*; and it certainly sounds as though the structural effects ought to be disastrous. I believe, on the contrary, that they were generally good; and that when elderly people complain, as they sometimes do, that the old art of 'telling a good story' has been lost, this is one of the reasons. It is no bad thing for the novel that it should have to keep moving, that something discernible should be happening all the time; and that within the major form, which in the Victorian novel is extensive and hard to hold in the mind, there should be minor forms, smaller and easier to apprehend. This may well be one of the cases when a commercial need has been a useful

artistic discipline. And, anyway, looking at the finished product, how many people know when the monthly-part divisions come, even in the best-known novels—*Vanity Fair*, for example?

Certainly I did not: but Mrs. Tillotson tells us; and gives us an excellent exposition of the narrative methods that are the consequence of this procedure. The results are interesting. Two of the passages that have always stuck in my mind most clearly from my first schoolboy reading of *Vanity Fair* turn out to be the endings of individual numbers. One of them is the famous *coup de théâtre* when Sir Pitt Crawley proposes to Becky—supposedly at this time still a young, unmarried governess:

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' Rebecca said, very much moved.

'Say yes, Becky', Sir Pitt continued. 'I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'av it all your own way. I'd make you a zettlement. I'll do everything reglar. Look year!' and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back, a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind; but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' she said. 'Oh, sir—I—I'm married already'.

'Life Is . . . Like a Serial Story'

After this, Mrs. Tillotson remarks, the reader's instinct is to re-read the April number to look for missed clues: and if he guesses the identity of Becky's husband he has to wait a month before his suspicions are confirmed. And when the May number appears the reader is still kept in the dark till the end of its first chapter. Suspense of this kind may seem a naive device, a rather crude piece of plot manipulation compared with the post-Jamesian subtleties of the shifting viewpoint and all the rest of it. I think there are two things to be said about this: one is that it serves at least the first purpose of the novelist—it makes the reader want to go on and to know what happens next: and the second is that it is very like life. Life is, in fact, far more like a serial story than like a novel you can read at one sitting; we do, in fact, have to wait till May to find out the whole truth about something we first stumbled on in April. And even when the book finally appears in volume form and can be read at once, these temporary suspensions of information, these slightly contrived bits of mystery do, I think, give more of the experience of living, of gradual discovery, of things turning out not as one expected, of the fact that the world is full of things happening and that one does not know what they are, than many more sophisticated techniques. So, altogether, I conclude from Mrs. Tillotson's evidence that the practice of serial publication was not such a bad thing after all.

Another factor that we are almost always ignorant of in considering the fiction of the past is what the bad novels were like. The bad novels always outnumber the good, people read more of them, and their expectation of the good ones is always partly conditioned by their experience of the bad. We know in a general way that the Victorian public was naive, sentimental, enamoured of both the pathetic and the grotesque, and that if it liked to be shocked it was only in certain definitely limited ways. How were these tastes satisfied in the popular fiction of the time? Mrs. Tillotson devotes a good deal of attention to this; and one thing that becomes clear is that the two most popular classes of novel at the time were the novel of high life and the novel of low life. The novel of high life, the silver-fork school, she illustrates from Dickens' parody in *Nicholas Nickleby*:

'Cherizette', said the Lady Flabella, inserting her mouse-like feet in the blue satin slippers, which had unwittingly occasioned the half-playful, half-angry altercation between herself and the youthful Colonel Befillaire, in the Duke of Mincefenille's *salon de danse* on the previous night. '*Cherizette, ma chère, donnez-moi de l'eau-de-Cologne, s'il vous plaît, mon enfant*'.

'*Mercie*—thank you', said the Lady Flabella, as the lively but devoted Cherizette plentifully besprinkled with the fragrant compound the Lady Flabella's *mouchoir* of finest cambric, edged with richest lace, and emblazoned at the four corners with the Flabella crest, and gorgeous heraldic bearings of that noble family; '*Mercie*—that will do'.

It is against a background of this sort of drivel that Thackeray's realistic-satirical pictures of high society in *Vanity Fair* are to be seen. Carlyle had already attacked the fashionable romance in *Sartor Resartus*; and Thackeray is consciously providing an antidote. The novel of low life, on the other hand, is part of the background of *Oliver Twist*, and of other stories of crime in Dickens. The saccharine

absurdities of the silver-fork school had their counterpart in the nauseous cant of the criminal romances with their sentimental gilding of vice, cruelty, and squalor. *Oliver Twist*, as the author's preface shows, is a deliberate attempt to counteract this by telling the horrid truth. Both books gain in richness by being seen against these fashionable falsities.

The corollary of these romanticisations of the social extremes in fiction is that any attempt at an unvarnished tale of ordinary middle-class life was at this time something of a novelty. Still more so, of course, was the serious, quasi-documentary presentation of the actual horrible condition of the poor. Disraeli's *Sybil*, Kingsley's *Yeast*, and Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, all of the eighteen-forties, lay the foundations of the serious sociological novel. And if their emotional effects were less overwhelmingly powerful than those of Dickens in 'rending the veil which parts the various classes of society', they were far more precisely instructive as to what was revealed when the veil was rent; and the official documents—reports of royal commissions, and so forth—were perpetually confirming the novelist's vision. And over all this work, Mrs. Tillotson points out, looms the presiding genius of Carlyle. It is his thought and feeling, his explosions into a kind of half-visionary fiction in *Sartor* and *Past and Present* that made it possible for the novel to become, as well as a branch of the entertainment industry, the trumpet of a prophecy.

This book also makes clear what students of the nineteenth century have always known, though the general reader has not always realised it, that it took the Victorian age quite a long time to become morally Victorian. Of course, some kinds of prudery were always rife in nineteenth-century England. Thomas Bowdler is a Regency not a Victorian phenomenon, as Mrs. Tillotson points out. But it was not until well after the middle of the century that the plush curtain of a heavy squeamishness descends on our fiction. It is in one of his latest novels, *Our Mutual Friend*, that Dickens introduces Mr. Podsnap, with his abhorrence of anything that might bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. (Even then, it has always seemed to me, the young person must have been remarkably clear about what was blush-worthy.) Anyway, in the 'forties, the novelist had far greater freedom. *Jane Eyre*, by later standards, was a highly improper work. Indeed, as Mrs. Tillotson remarks, at no time can it have been common for an employer to describe his illicit affairs to an eighteen-year-old governess. But the Brontës had read and written as they pleased; in the later age daughters were forbidden to read *Jane Eyre* or the third volume of *The Mill on the Floss* till marriage or middle age, whichever came first. And Mrs. Lynn Linton, writing as an old lady in 1898, cited as an instance of that vice of which knowledge should be reserved for advancing years the squeezing of the heroine's ungloved hand in a hansom cab.

Nostalgic Reminiscence

I have left myself little time to speak of the many other aspects of Mrs. Tillotson's book that demand attention—especially I have neglected her detailed critiques of individual novels. Perhaps they can be left to speak for themselves. But there is one other matter I should just like to mention. Humphry House pointed out some years ago, in his invaluable book *The Dickens World*, how confused are the historical settings of many of Dickens' books; how, even when he is attacking contemporary abuses, he often does not describe them in their real contemporary form, how he mixes reminiscences of his childhood world with the actual social conditions of his middle age. Mrs. Tillotson shows in addition how widespread this practice was, how many early-Victorian novelists deal for preference with a period thirty to forty years back, how strong the note of nostalgic reminiscence is, and how wrong we often are to take Victorian fiction as a picture of actual life at the time of composition. The prevalence of stage-coach travel in novels of the railway age is a superficial example.

It would be rather less than true to say that Mrs. Tillotson has given us all we could ask. I should myself like to see more generalisation from this mass of valuable particulars. Her ten-year limit is a little cramping, and one would like some general reflection on what the common properties of mid-nineteenth-century fiction really are, what are its distinctive notes. Perhaps also some reflection on the proportion of middle-class folk-lore to genuine naturalism in these works of mixed inspiration. But this book is, in a sense, a by-product. Mrs. Tillotson is engaged, with her husband, Professor Tillotson, on the 'mid-nineteenth-century' volume of the *Oxford History of English Literature*; and when this appears some of these wider reflections will, no doubt, be found.

—Third Programme

Whaling and Whale Research

By ROBERT CLARKE

THE ocean traveller, luckily chancing upon whales and impressed by their great size, and easy, sea-shouldering freedom, must feel that to study them simply for their own sake should be as fascinating as it is difficult. The whale biologist would agree, but the world's stock of whales is a great natural resource, and for this reason he tends to be preoccupied with the study of whales in relation to measures for conserving them. In the past, when whale oil was in great demand for lighting purposes, there was severe over-fishing of certain species. Nowadays whales are an important source of edible oil and protein, and their conservation is especially important if the world, with its hungry future, is to continue to reap the benefits of exploiting them.

Perhaps I may emphasise this with a few figures: in 1952 world whaling produced nearly 500,000 tons of whale oil, mostly to be hardened into margarine; and there were also over 100,000 tons of by-products, including frozen whalemeat, meat meal and meat extracts, bone meal, liver oil and vitamin extracts. All these products came from a world catch of just short of 50,000 whales. Most of these whales were taken by the catchers of twenty factory ships operating in the Antarctic; but there were also forty-nine shore stations engaged, all but three of which were outside the Antarctic, widespread along the tropical, temperate, and arctic coastlines of all seas. Practically the whole catch was made under regulated conditions, but if I supplement these figures by mentioning that the whale hunt has many technical aids, being sometimes assisted by aircraft and helicopters and underwater detection gear, you will see that the scale of modern whaling is so vast and highly mechanised that without restrictions it could not be carried on continuously and might reduce the stocks of whales beyond hope of recovery.

Agreements between governments to regulate whaling began in the late nineteen-thirties and arose from anxiety about the overfishing of Blue whales in the major ground of the Antarctic Ocean. After the war the International Whaling Commission was formed, and to this belong most governments whose nationals engage in whaling. Although the commission makes special provision for the Antarctic field, where it has fixed a limit to the actual catch of whales in any one season, there are comprehensive regulations

for whaling in all parts of the world. These regulations, which always take into account the practical needs of the industry, are obtained from the periodic review of whaling statistics combined with the results of scientific research.

Modern research on the stocks of whales began after 1900, mostly by field work at whaling stations in the New World and by analysis of whale statistics in Norway; but it was the formation of the British Discovery Committee in 1924, to survey the marine resources of the Falkland Island Dependencies, that led to a long spell of scientific effort in the Antarctic and laid the foundations of our present know-



The Royal Research Ship *William Scoresby* leaving Grytviken, South Georgia

ledge of whale biology. From the beginning, the whale investigations of the Discovery Committee were conducted as an integral part of a general oceanographic survey which, with the spread of factory ship whaling in the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties, was extended to embrace the whole Southern Ocean. The oceanographical work was mostly carried out by the Royal Research Ships *Discovery II* and *William Scoresby*, two vessels well known to those who sail in the Antarctic. I mention this survey at once because research in general oceanography is essential to a proper understanding of the distribution of whales. These are migrant animals, and the search for food is one of the main factors that condition their movements. The major world stocks of Blue and Fin and Humpback whales enter the Antarctic in summer and feed heavily and almost exclusively upon the vast shoals of a single organism, the southern krill, an oceanic shrimp about two and a half inches in length.

The results of more than twenty years' research on krill, the key organism of antarctic ecology, are now being worked out. The work on krill has gone side by side with research on the phytoplankton, the single-celled plants on which the krill itself grazes; and to understand the production of the phytoplankton has meant the study of the physical and chemical characters of the Antarctic water masses and their circulation. One of the most important controlling factors is temperature, and after what I have said about the relations of Antarctic organisms to their environment, it is not surprising to learn that the distribution of whales is connected with surface temperatures: they are most plentiful between the 2 degrees C. isotherm and the shifting edge of the pack ice. Blue whales frequent the ice edge more than Fin whales, and the plotting of the seasonal limits of the pack ice is itself a part of whale investigation. The relation between Sperm whales and temperature seems to be a direct one, because all the Sperm whales that enter the Antarctic and Arctic regions are males. The female Sperm whales,



A ninety-foot Blue whale on the flensing platform at Grytviken

presumably because of the needs of their calves, do not venture higher than about 40 degrees north and south. Similarly, in the great tropical Sperm whaling grounds off Peru and Chile, it appears that females do not enter the colder parts of the Peru Current.

The work of the Discovery Committee has now been taken over by the National Institute of Oceanography. Scientific research on whales in relation to whaling is also being conducted in other countries, notably Norway, Japan, Holland, Australia, Canada, and Russia. You must wonder how the whale biologist tackles the problem of studying such great beasts, glimpsed when alive only by their spouts and their fleeting emergencies in seas remote from ordinary shipping. A good deal is learned from the world figures of the industry, compiled annually by the Committee for Whaling Statistics in Norway. But the biologist has also two field methods: he makes anatomical investigations on the carcasses of large numbers of whales at whaling stations and on board factory ships, and he goes to sea in research ships or whalecatchers to observe living whales and to mark them.

Statistics of Catches

Whale statistics need to be used with care, because selection of more valuable species by the whale gunner means that the catches are not proper samples of the whale populations. From observing whales at sea and marking them, the pre-war ratio of the commercially important species in the Antarctic has been estimated to be of the order of fifteen Blue whales to seventy-five Fin whales to ten Humpback whales. The most prized species is the Blue whale, the largest of all animals, living or extinct, which reaches a length of 100 feet and a weight of at least 120 tons. In the years before and after the war, whaling statistics have shown a decreasing proportion of Blue whales in the catches, and a decrease in the catch of Blue whales per whale-catcher, two signs of overfishing that have led to recent steps to protect Blue whales. Used with care, the catch statistics do give a pretty clear indication of the seasonal abundance of the different species. As the Antarctic season progresses, the catches, and, we believe, the populations, of Blue whales decline, while those of Fin whales increase. For this reason Blue whales at present are protected in the Antarctic until January 16 each year, when many will in fact have moved away from the area.

On the flensing platforms of shore stations and factory ships the biologist is assisted by the machinery used in the routine dismembering of whale carcasses. The felling axe, the flensing knife, and hunting knife are useful for finer dissection in this laborious and bloody work.

Examination of stomach contents has shown that the great Whalebone whales feed heavily in the Antarctic in summer, but that they are mostly fasting in the warmer latitudes which they frequent in winter for breeding. As the southern summer advances, the thickness of their blubber increases, and this fattening is reflected in a mounting yield of oil per Blue whale unit. The opening of the Whalebone whale season in the Antarctic is now postponed until January 2 each year, so that the whales have a chance to grow fat before they are killed.

The breeding of whales has been studied by examining reproductive organs, by measuring foetuses of different ages, by examining calves and newly-weaned whales, and by inspecting the proportions of adult female whales that are pregnant, lactating, and resting. The breeding of Whalebone whales takes place in low latitudes in the winter and pregnancy lasts nearly a year. Only one calf is born. Records of twin foetuses are rare and it is not known whether such rare twins survive to birth. The calf is nursed for about seven months, after which the parent rests until the next breeding season. The sexual cycle of Whalebone whales thus normally lasts two years. So whales are slow breeders, and this is important because they would clearly take much longer to recover from depletion than would, say, a fish population that had been overfished.

By examining large numbers of ovaries and testes, it has been possible to estimate the mean length at which whales become sexually mature. This length is placed at seventy-seven feet for female Blue whales and sixty-five feet for female Fin whales. The males of each species are two or three feet smaller at sexual maturity. When these estimates are applied to the statistics of whale catches, and we find that in successive years changes take place in the proportions of mature to immature individuals, then we know that changes caused by whaling are taking place in the composition of the stock of whales. In the years before 1938 the proportions of immature Blue whales steadily increased in the catches, and this must have meant a fall in the average age of the stock. Estimates of the length at sexual maturity

have also been used as the basis for size restrictions on whales, first introduced in 1937 for Antarctic catches, and now generally enforced elsewhere. The whale that gets most benefit from size restrictions is not the Whalebone whale but the Sperm whale, the largest Toothed whale, which reaches a length of sixty feet. Since the Sperm whale is polygamous, and the male is much bigger than the female, the length restriction is so arranged that the female enjoys almost complete protection.

The marking of whales is a most important method of whale research. The whales are marked with a stainless steel dart bearing a serial number and fired from a shotgun. Whale marking was begun in 1926 by the Discovery Committee, and by 1939 more than 5,000 whales had been marked in the Antarctic, mostly by the *William Scoresby*, a vessel specially built for marking whales. Other nations have done some whale marking, especially since the war; and last year the whale marking voyage of the catcher *Enern* was an international affair, financed by the whaling companies of the British Commonwealth, Holland, and Norway.

The statistics of whaling in different places at different seasons, and the fatness of whales and the incidence of their parasites, all provide indirect evidence of the vast seasonal migrations that whales undertake. But whale marking gives plenty of direct evidence in the case of Humpback whales and some direct evidence regarding Fin whales. The Humpback whale is a profitable whale, yielding much oil for its size, which rarely exceeds fifty feet. Marks returned from Australia and Madagascar indicate that southern Humpbacks move from the polar ice in summer towards the Equator in winter, passing from the open Southern Ocean to the coastal waters up both sides, we think, of each southern continent. The tropical Humpback fisheries are thus hunting the same whales as those exploited in the Antarctic. Furthermore, Humpbacks in the Antarctic are segregated into separate communities between which there is little or no interchange. This means that a Humpback stock depleted by whaling in one area cannot be made good from another. So this species can be easily overfished, and today Humpback whaling in the Antarctic is allowed for only four days of the whaling season, while the Australian Government has set a limit to the Humpback catches of its tropical shore stations.

Little is known of the distribution of the Blue and Fin whales in winter: they are probably widely distributed between the pack ice and sub-tropical latitudes; perhaps we shall learn more about this from the whale observations now being made for the National Institute of Oceanography by many merchant ships. But in the southern summer Blue and Fin whales tend to be grouped in six areas spaced round the circumpolar sea. Whale marking suggests that there is some interchange between these areas. The success or failure of the present sanctuary in the Antarctic (the Pacific sector, now closed to whaling) must depend on the amount of this interchange.

Evidence from Whale Marking

As time goes on, whale marking can be expected to tell us more about the life histories of whales, especially if more whales can be marked at a known stage in the life cycle, as, for instance, when they are calves. Eventually it will provide evidence of their longevity. The oldest returns so far are marks from Fin whales after nineteen years. If marking is conducted in a particular area immediately prior to a whaling season, then the proportion of marked whales killed during the season should give us an idea of the effect of whaling. In such attempts to measure the taxation of the stocks, the main source of error is the loss in recoveries due to marks overlooked on the flensing platform or lost in cookers. During the voyage of the *Enern* last year we tried fitting some marks with coloured streamers which would hang over the body surface of the whale and attract the flensers' attention.

Whale marking might be used to estimate the absolute numbers of whales, because there is an ideal ratio of catch and stock to marked whales caught and marked whales still at large. But factors like the uneven distribution of whales qualify such calculations. The direct counting of whales from ships or aircraft is another approach to a whale census. Recently a helicopter has been used to count the migrant herds of Pacific Grey whales off California, and a conventional aircraft has counted Humpback whales off west Australia. Aerial observations have also been attempted nearer home, in the seas north of Scotland. The ships of the Discovery Committee have accumulated data from which, it is expected, a rough estimate of the southern whale population will in due course be made. We can expect only rough figures from such population estimates, but the matter is important.

Rational hunting of a wild stock depends ideally upon a knowledge of its absolute numbers and of the distribution of age through this population. If we knew these things about the populations in the Antarctic whaling field, we could suggest an optimum catch to modify the present empirical maximum of 15,500 Blue whale units.

The determination of age in whales is thus as important as population studies. The matter is difficult, but recently we have made some progress. For some years Norwegian factory ships have collected the ovaries of Blue whales for the National Institute of Oceanography, and we have now dissected several thousands of these. The scars, or *corpora lutea*, of past ovulations accumulate in the ovaries of whales: the numbers of these scars are undoubtedly associated with age, and it does appear that the frequencies of their numbers provide some kind of spectrum of the female age distribution. This approach is now being

re-investigated. There is a valuable clue to the age of the younger whales in the seasonal growth ridges that accumulate on the whale-bone plates in the mouth. Norwegian investigators have used whale-bone plates to determine the age at sexual maturity, estimating that Blue and Fin whales mature at from two to seven years after birth. In Sperm whales the teeth may provide a clue to age: sperm teeth in cross-section show a series of concentric rings like the rings in a tree, and it may be that in sperm teeth, also, these are annual rings.

Within the International Whaling Commission the effort to achieve rational whaling continues. At present the commission is anxiously watching the stocks of Blue whales while fully aware that Fin whales now support the burden of taxation in the Antarctic. The problem is a difficult one, and the kind of work I have outlined tries to help the commission in its task.—*Third Programme*

An Architect and His Public

By PETER SHEPHEARD

IN one sense, the architect working in England today has no public at all: if you ask the average person who designed the building he lives in, works in, or plays in, he will not know. Few people will even be able to name any architects, and if they do name one or two they will almost certainly be dead ones. But, in another sense, the architect has the whole public at his mercy. As long as he can get a client, he is free to inflict his inventions on everybody. No one can avoid being confronted on all sides by architecture of one sort or another; the architect is the one artist whom you cannot ignore, shut up, switch off, or escape from. For better or for worse, people spend lifetimes in our buildings; children are born, educated, grow up, make love, work, live and die, some in good buildings, some in bad. Buildings are the setting and shelter of human life and, inasmuch as they are good or bad architecture, they have a good or bad influence on the life they contain. And, heaven knows, if one looks at our towns as a whole, far more bad buildings than good ones have been built during the past 100 years.

I think there are two main reasons for this state of affairs. First, there is the British blindness to the visual arts. For at least 100 years we have produced and delighted in many great writers, politicians, and soldiers, but almost no great painters, sculptors, or architects. Even now, you have only to listen regularly to the Sunday programme called 'The Critics' to see how even these civilised people are bewildered and flummoxed as soon as the talk leaves literature for the visual arts. I think this blindness, even though it has lasted for a century or more, is a temporary one; just as we were once considered musically a deaf nation, and now have music and musicians enough to hold our own anywhere in Europe, so there are now signs of a great revival of visual awareness. We already have painters and sculptors with a world reputation; we have a generation of architects who are beginning to do better things than have been done in England since 1820; and, here and there, one finds patrons appearing, in business firms, government authorities, and, above all, in the councils of municipal authorities and new towns, who want good architecture and are finding architects to give it them.

And here is the other reason for the visual squalor of English towns—the architects' own defection; since about 1850, and increasingly in the early twentieth century, the architects have gradually contracted out of their social duty to the public. More and more they tended to build dream-buildings in fancy-dress styles for rich clients. The big country house, the great city bank, the town hall dressed up as a Roman temple became the sought-after jobs, and architects acquired a reputation as impractical and expensive aesthetes, while housing for ordinary people was left to the speculative builder, factories to the engineer, and town planning became a branch of sanitary engineering. Here, again, in spite of the disastrous effects of this contracting out, there is no need for pessimism. The present generation of architects is almost desperately conscious of its social responsibilities; to most of us, housing is one of the most interesting, exacting, and exciting jobs, and in housing, schools, and other buildings there is a major revival of architecture in full swing.

Perhaps I had better say a few words on what an architect does. His job is, first, to conceive a building, or a group of buildings, which will fulfil *all* the functions demanded of it. Second, to embody this conception in drawings and written descriptions or specifications so complete that a building contractor can translate it into reality. Third, to see that it is built according to his instructions. In order to do the first of these jobs—the conception of the building—he must make himself thoroughly familiar with the ways and needs of the building's future inhabitants; if he designs a school, he must become in turn both master and pupil, must imagine the movement and the noise, the work and the play, the mud on shoes, the mischief in the lavatory. And to carry out his conception he must not only be a technician in building construction, and something of a business man, but above all must have a sort of calm excitement about his building which keeps his first conception fresh in his mind until the very last lick of paint has been put on and the whole thing starts to work.

Then—and it may be years after the first idea took shape in his mind—is his real moment: to find the building working and full of the noise and movement of life; to see it standing complete in the wind and the rain; and, above all, perhaps, to see the unruly sun doing his bidding, bringing his architecture to life shadow by shadow, lighting up first this face and then that, warming this court or that window, sending down a beam on to altar or sculpture, fountain or planted tree.

These heady excitements—all of them achieved at one's client's expense, and, one hopes, to his gratification—tend to produce an arrogance of mind in the architect which is his besetting sin. A certain firmness of purpose is needed to nurse his conception to maturity; a certain ruthlessness in sticking to decisions and avoiding second-thoughts; a conviction that it will be all right when one gets it up in the daylight. But all this firmness, ruthlessness, and so on must be bent on the *execution* of the conception, on getting it built, and built right; the conception itself must be got in deep humility. Humility, that is to say, before the requirements of the people who will use the building; before the site, its trees, its shape, and the spirit of the place; and before the nature of the materials of which the building is made. All these, if the architect's thought has the right quality, will have their say in the conception; and if the architect is sensitive to the beauty which is in the nature of things, he can do what comes naturally to him, solving the problem as he sees it, and let beauty take care of herself.

Architecture is not a 'pure' art. In so far as it has purely formal qualities, they are those of sculpture. But although sculpture can be purely abstract, at a pinch, architecture certainly cannot. Some architects, indeed, get very near to conceiving their buildings as abstract compositions; especially the followers of Mies van der Rohe, who has built in the U.S.A. several exquisite cages of steel and glass, which contain their inhabitants as arbitrarily as an aquarium houses fish. These elegant cages have, perhaps, some success when they house the simplest functions, say that of a small chapel or a single living space; but for the complex movement and activity, noise and bustle of a building such as a school, they are totally inadequate. It seems to me

(continued on page 625)

NEWS DIARY

October 6-12

Wednesday, October 6

In a speech in east Berlin Mr. Molotov proposes that Russia and the three Western Powers withdraw immediately all occupation troops from Germany

Ninety ships are idle in the Port of London owing to the dock strike

Allied Commander in Trieste and Italian representative agree on main points of plan to transfer Anglo-American zone to Italy

Thursday, October 7

Mr. Eden addresses the opening session of the Conservative Party Conference at Blackpool

Lower House of the German Federal Parliament approves London agreement on European defence. French National Assembly begins debate on London agreement

Death of Seebohm Rowntree, the sociologist

Friday, October 8

Agreement is reached in London on new wage structure for railway workers other than footplate men

Italian Senate gives Government vote of confidence on the Trieste agreement

More than two-thirds of the dock workers in the Port of London join in strike and work is brought almost to a standstill

Saturday, October 9

Sir Winston Churchill addresses the Conservative Party Conference at Blackpool and warns France of the dangers of rejecting the London agreement

Viet-Minh troops enter city of Hanoi in accordance with the Geneva agreement

Sunday, October 10

Mr. Nutting, Foreign Under-Secretary, returns to London from Cairo, where he has been negotiating on the Suez Canal Zone Base

A Persian military court sentences to death Dr. Fatemi, Foreign Minister in Dr. Moussadeq's Government

Monday, October 11

Russo-Chinese agreements are published; Port Arthur restored to China

Late editions of principal national newspapers and London evening newspapers fail to appear owing to printing trade unions' dispute

Tuesday, October 12

French National Assembly gives M. Mendès-France vote of confidence on London agreement

Mass meeting decides to continue strike in Port of London

Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa, announces his decision to retire next month



An aerial view, taken on October 7, of the Royal Victoria and Albert dock, showing ships and export cargoes lying idle owing to the strike which, by last week-end, had almost paralysed the Port of London. Early this week 18,000 men were on strike and over 100 ships held up



A photograph taken during the first public demonstration given by the Royal Navy at Gosport last week of a new escape system for submarine crews. One of the trainees is seen breaking the surface of the 100-foot practice tank. His only equipment is a nose-clip and goggles, and an immersion suit to keep him afloat



The Arsenal goal-keeper, J. Kelsey, jumps to catch a ball during a football match against Moscow Dynamo under floodlighting before a crowd

Right: the Fairey Delta 2, a new British jet fighter which flew for the first time last week. The nose can be lowered to give the pilot a better view of the ground



Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, who arrives in England today on a visit. This photograph was taken after the Emperor had boarded a B.O.A.C. airliner at Addis Ababa on October 6 for the first stage of his journey



Jubilant crowds assembled in front of the town hall of Trieste on October 5 to celebrate the signing of the Italian-Yugoslav agreement on Trieste. Under the agreement Italy takes over the administration of Zone A (which has been under Anglo-American military control since the end of the war) and Yugoslavia continues to control Zone B

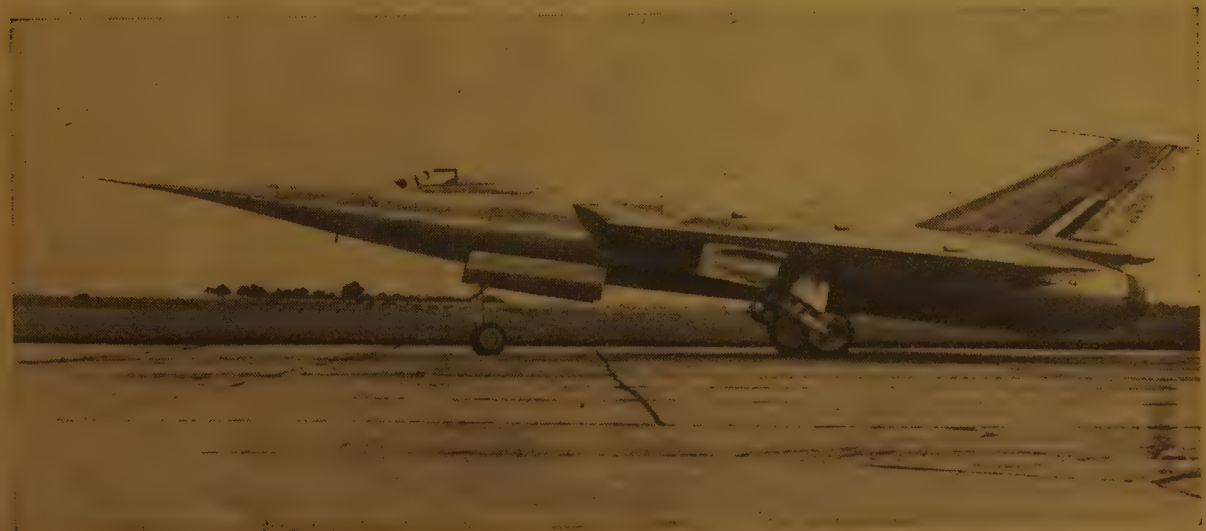


New discoveries made on the site of the Roman temple in the City of London last week: above, a head of Serapis, an ancient Egyptian god of the harvest, and a statuette of Hermes; right: a marble group including Bacchus (centre) and Silenus (left)



to save a high shot during the Association football match between Dynamo Moscow and the Association of Football Clubs of Moscow on October 5. The match, played in front of 10,000, was won by the Dynamos, 5-0

craft built for supersonic speeds in level flight, a novel feature of the aircraft is that the whole of the fuselage can be tilted to give the pilot a better view during landing, take-off, and banking



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THE BRITISH
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wrong to rob a room of all privacy for the sake of keeping intact the glass-cage idea, or to omit all soft and sound-deadening materials from a school hall in case they spoil the brutal purity of brick and steel; and wrong in just the same way as it would be to sacrifice the lighting and convenience of a banking hall by dressing it up as a Florentine palace or a Roman bath: in both the convenience of the users of the building is sacrificed to a preconceived formal idea. Again, a kind of arrogance; almost a kind of deceit, for such stuff is really abstract sculpture, and is only built as architecture because there would not be a hope of getting anyone to pay for it in any other way.

Practical Problems

Both steel cages and fancy-dress banks seem to me the result of a direct pursuit of Beauty, who is never caught that way. Beauty in architecture comes in only when the architect's mind is firmly fixed on solving practical problems. It is rather like making a tool, such as a mower's scythe. The shape of a scythe is governed by purely practical things, weight, balance, angle of cutting edge, and so on; and yet it has a startling, almost animal beauty of form. This is not to say that one ignores beauty when designing a building: at every step one makes decisions which affect its appearance, from the shape of its whole volume down to the thickness of a window bar or the fixing of a rain-water pipe; and at every one of these decisions one calls on the experience of all the other buildings one has ever built or has ever seen and been moved by. The more one has seen, the more subconscious and unforced one's decisions can become; and I think that is why most architects do their best work when rather old men.

I have perhaps said enough about the way an architect works; enough, at any rate, to show how liable he is to develop a split personality. I was struck, when I was listening the other day to Mr. Mackendrick's talk on the film director* by several similarities between his work and mine. The same soft-peddalling of the word 'art', for example: I have just been doing it myself; but for the architect, like the film director, beneath the decent suit which is his ticket to the business world, there lies imprisoned an artist 'wildly signalling to be let out', his only visible token the slightly unusual tie, or the wrong-coloured shoes. Like the film director, again, the architect's work is team work: two or more will work on the original conception, many more on the parts, and then, when the building is as real to the architects as it ever will be, although it is still only a bundle of drawings, it has to be launched down the long process of contracting and sub-contracting, when hundreds of hands will take part in its creation, a slip by any one of which means a subtraction, however minute, from what the architect originally intended. Often, in the throes of this long and exasperating process, the architect will think wistfully of the poet sitting by his typewriter, the artist in front of his canvas, the sculptor with his block of stone, each also in travail with an idea, but an idea which will soon stand complete with every word, every brushmark, every last peck of the chisel, the artist's own work, blameable on no one else. And yet, is this individual responsibility so good after all? Is it not partly the reason why the individual artist, freed from his medieval responsibility to the Church, or his renaissance subservience to his patron, now finds himself stuck in the side alleys and *culs-de-sac* he has so resolutely explored, while the architect alone of all the other artists is still involved in the everyday life of his time?

You will see from what I have said that an architect cannot have a public of his own in the novelist's sense of a following of devoted admirers. He does not have to sell his works, as a novelist does his books; he has to get clients, of course, but the client buys the design without seeing it, like a pig in a poke (hardly any clients can understand the drawings architects do) and, except in the case of an individual house for the client himself, the building is used by people who have had no say in the choice of architect. These users of the building, the schoolchildren, the flat-dwellers, the congregation, the audience, are the first beneficiaries of architecture and it is the architect's first duty to satisfy them. The client, in such cases, is often a committee of a local authority or a corporation, or the board of a company; sometimes enlightened and expert in what it wants and how it wants it done, sometimes less so, and needing guidance and suggestions from the architect in new ways of planning and new methods of building construction. Most large jobs now are done for committees of one kind or another, and some architects, especially those who have never had the experience of working for a rich private client, tend to grumble about this; I think, unreasonably. Committees do tend to be slow, they are sometimes

offended and on rare occasions offensive; but on the whole they respond at least as well as individuals to plain dealing and one can almost always find on a committee a kindred spirit to appeal to. After all, people are not on committees for fun; there is always a measure, and sometimes a large one, of idealism in the very fact that they are there.

Much more serious is the choice which the architect must make between public and private practice, that is between working as the salaried official of an authority on the one hand and as a free lance private practitioner on the other. Public practice offers security of employment and no lack of exciting work on such things as schools and housing and town planning. Private practice offers freedom, sometimes freedom to starve, and often a more varied choice of work; it is difficult in private practice to ensure an even flow of work, and taxation makes it impossible to save money in good years to pay for bad ones. Which you choose is largely a question of temperament; I have worked in both public and private offices and I am now in what I consider the very pleasant position of being in private practice with almost all my jobs being done for local authorities and public bodies; so that I can treat my staff like human beings, without having an establishment officer to tell me when I should be cross with them, and yet have the interest and responsibility of doing public projects of a nationally and socially important kind.

But I think a much more important distinction than that between public and private practice is that between the small and the large office. I believe that for the sake of good architecture and the happiness and keenness of the staff on which good architecture largely depends, each project must be done by a small group who see it through, and whose leader conceives the work as a whole. Even in quite small offices a principal gets caught up with meetings and letters and administration, and soon finds himself not drawing any more; as soon as this happens, and he accepts it, he is finished as an architect. Large offices, both public and private, sometimes forget this, and turn into great plan factories, where some do the design, others the working drawings, and no one exercises proper architectural control over each individual project. If the large office organises itself in small groups each with a project to do, this disadvantage is removed, and excellent work is being done in this way by some of the largest of all, such as the London County Council itself.

Need for More Criticism

I have spoken of the client who orders the building and pays for it, and the immediate public who use the building; what about the wider public who pass by and seem not to know or care about buildings or architecture at all? I think their ignorance and apathy could be largely dispelled if there were more discussion and criticism of architecture in the press, on the air, and everywhere else. It is all very well for Barnett Freedman† to pour derision and abuse on art critics—all artists lap up every word the critics write and then slang them in just the same way but, believe me, most architects (not all, it is true, but most) would give absolutely anything to hear architecture talked about as much as music, painting, and sculpture are today. It is true there are difficulties in the criticism of architecture which do not attend that of the other arts. For one thing, criticism may bring down on the architect's head the wrath of his client, and as the client has by then bought the building and paid for it, his anger will be fanned by his impotence to do anything about it. Again, it is fair to criticise a painting after looking at it or a book after reading it, whereas, say some people, you cannot criticise architecture unless you know the whole story, the difficulties of the site, the restrictions imposed by the client, the town planners, the available money, and so on. Yes; but there are beginnings—in *The Times*, in *The Architectural Review*; and one client, Time-Life Incorporated, actually invited and encouraged criticism of their splendid new building last year. I, for one, think nothing would do as much good to architecture—apart from better architects—as a critic on the tail of every one of us.—*Home Service*

Those who are familiar with and enjoy *The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 25s.) will not be disappointed with the fourteenth issue; those coming fresh to it will find plenty to interest and amuse them. The pictures are lavish and in some cases luscious, illustrating (among other themes) the way that ladies beautify themselves, the history of the chorus girl, architecture behind the Iron Curtain, the emblems by which tradesmen display their calling. Contributors to the text include Ogden Nash, Julian Symons, James Laver, Robert Gibbings, L. P. Hartley, and Gerald Bullett. The editor of this handsome volume (complete in box ready to post) is John Hadfield.

* THE LISTENER, September 23

† THE LISTENER, October 7

Oil means people

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We Are the Sum of Our Days

By FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL

WE all know that the proportion of old people in the population is increasing, and will become even greater. So one wonders if the old can make themselves more welcome. How could we do this? One way might be to take on the task of finding out what we did to life, and what life did to us. For then we could hardly fail to see that we are both those things, and that they ought to become one. Such a balance is not an easy thing to achieve. If we take it on, out of necessity for ourselves, and out of mercy for others, too much must not be expected of us. We will never be sages or saints, but we will confer a real good on society if we become more mellow and more whole. Wholeness has great drawbacks, for it entails the acceptance of all that is most unacceptable in ourselves. This could be painful for us, but delightful for those near us, since we are then much less apt to leave our sins lying about for others to tidy up.

Final Creative Task

In this search for insight, some of us need to be cautioned and some encouraged. Facing oneself does require much realism, a shimmer of irony perhaps, and proper modesty in the presence of good and evil. To suggest that we older people are capable of this noble accounting, and that it is our final creative task, is a grave statement. So one must quickly add that age cannot spend all its long days, and often wakeful nights, in seeing itself in the light of eternity. Old people may, at a deep level, be facing their inner judges and doing it valiantly. At a more ordinary level they spend much of their time being astonished at their own unimportance. They feel so minute and ephemeral, that they doubt that their identity will last as long as it decently should. They are tired of themselves, and ready to relinquish the rags and tatters of themselves that still cling together.

They are also constantly bedevilled by a question that they cannot get rid of, and that is 'How long must we make ourselves last?' For the haunting thought is always in our heads that perhaps we know nothing of age. It may all lie ahead, and can only be faced day by day to its unseeable end. Each hour nibbles at our solidity, and we relinquish something in every little humiliation. Trying twice before one's knees get one upright. One's own knees! Not seeing what others see, not hearing what they hear, missing the point, and so—pretending one was not interested. Often it was true: one was not interested. The emphasis, noise, and clamour of life seem out of proportion to sense. Something else is true, and must be admitted: dullness becomes very attractive. Sitting in a decent silence, enjoying the presence of the you that does not talk, and liking even better the absence of the one that does. One's mind open, in case there is any peace about; but turning away from the too personal, in search of the impersonal—we need a good deal of blankness for that.

Yet it is cold to be left out, and who wants to be treated like an effigy that no longer functions? So we may demand with energy 'Who should be interested if not we? Who else started these lives and events?' We have a great need to know certain things. We long to follow the logic in which we were a link, and—if we can—to catch a glimpse of the new thing that lies beyond us. We watch, all the time, to see where life fructifies, and where it lies dormant. If suffering comes to those we know well, we care above all that the suffering should be used to further life. Perhaps we have come to care more for the quality of life than we do for those who carry it; the old want to learn who among the young has the gift of learning. For the old can feel justified, or condemned, by all that they engendered.

But all that is what we long for, fruitlessly, very often. What we get is an odd experience of anonymity, as though we moved along the cracks between the lives of other people. I know one woman who was once so lovely that as she walked all eyes were on her, and if she turned round others had turned to look at her. As she aged she noticed that everyone looked right through her, as though she were not there at all. It gave her a funny sense of freedom, but also a sense that she had become invisible. She felt she could go anywhere, into houses and out

again. No one would stop her for no one would see her. She even wondered if she dared dance instead of just walking, but thought it more prudent not to try.

It may be this experience of being invisible that makes so many old people give up wearing their social masks. No longer greatly impressed by humanity, no longer sure that they themselves exist, feeling it hardly matters if they do, they gain a new ease in remaining as uncovered and limpid as children. If to be tempered in the fires of insight is the task of age, perhaps this childlike naturalness is its reward. Old people do tend to enjoy indulging in mild eccentricity. This could be one aspect of our anonymity, combined with the fact that the old have so much life in them that cannot be lived; we dare to be natural at last, and really care little for the opinion of others. I have heard it said that the vigour and richness of character in a country is proved by the number of great eccentrics that it produces. So, let old people make their contribution here.

There is another aspect of age somewhat akin to this, that is almost embarrassing to speak of because of its extreme improbability. One wants to shield it from younger ears. Yet it is innocent, and may be forgiven us. It is this—the old feel very young. At moments, that is. Though we are aching, inadequate wrecks, there are times when, in our hearts, we are incurably, deliciously young. I have no idea whether we should be or we should not be. Who is to say? Undoubtedly the quality of this strange youthfulness matters greatly. And observation tells us that it varies greatly. All that I am sure of is that an unexpected freshness comes to one when old. I have seen it rise in the lined face of a woman in her nineties, and it suffused her with a virginal lightness. And who has not been struck by the guileless purity in the eyes of many old men?

This puzzling newness is so buoyant a thing it is a problem how to deal with it discreetly. Explain it as you will, it feels like happiness: but also like release and exemption. If taken in too literal a manner it may make you want to start again, and how can this be done? For the absurd fact is that an irrational and very high-spirited you is convinced that it now knows how to live. And could: there is the danger. For two pins it would try. In fancy, and very nearly in fact, it is ready to start out at once and see the world. It knows clearly that the necessary physical strength is lacking, as well as the robust purse, and that the perfect companion, who would like exactly what you like, has not been met in a lifetime of looking. Yet this unconquerable you, who might easily make a fool of you, must be honoured. It must be honoured greatly, for the leap of expectancy that rises in its heart is authentic, and I beg you to believe me when I say it is pristine in its freshness.

Gaiety in Age

This gaiety in age is accompanied by, perhaps even partly caused by, the realisation that though our drama has been played, and that nothing much will now happen to us in the outside world, our battle too is over. And that fills us with a surge of triumph. It is like a great thrust of cognition, for we have lived our lives. We have been through that mystifying travail. We have worked, and suffered, and sinned and loved, and known happiness. We have done harm and done good. We have seen ugliness and beauty. We have been broken, and we have come through. So that some part of us is free: free of trying, free of any need of hope. And somewhere we are clear. A little clear: as though at the core there was an infinitesimal diamond, and there the conflict of living is stilled.

If age is at all as I see it, then age is undeniably stormy. Stormy, but quiet; contradictory, in fact. Very well, that is what age can be. And how could it be anything less? If our true occupation is accounting for our lives, and relinquishing ourselves, no one can say that such a great matter could be accomplished easily. It is only after the combat that rest comes to the wrestler.

Facing our own truth, giving ourselves up—think of these a moment longer. Even a hint of truth feels like a spear in the heart. And to

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relinquish yourself? Who else have you? This question could be answered in two ways. Caution seemed to ask it, and caution could answer it. But so could abandon, and I feel that here abandon is the better guide. Let us say again: 'If you relinquish yourself what have you?' The answer comes with a rush of relief: 'Everything that isn't me'. And so we fall heir to a new richness, and marvel and meaning are clearer; and sometimes the candle of sentence which we each carry may burn with a new brightness.

It hardly needs saying that the old keep an eye on death, even trying to peer beyond death. We feel that we may indeed end there, as we have already diminished so much. But with equal strength we feel there is that within which cannot be put out. Those who have experienced, in the recesses of the soul, that which feels immortal, rest content. And since even the poorest of us receive so much, is it not natural, at the end, to bid adieu to life in the words that Jacob spoke to the Angel: 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Russia's Latest Disarmament Plan

Sir,—Mr. Michael Curtis, in his Home Service talk on Russia's latest disarmament plan, published in THE LISTENER of October 7, made no attempt whatever to explain why the Russian reaction to the three-power disarmament proposals of November 7, 1951 (not October 7) was an unfavourable and even derisive one. And he implies that although 'a measure of world disarmament should remain the supreme aim of our international policy' and that although the arms race 'is folly of the most extravagant kind. And of course the statesmen of the western democracies must continue to examine each and every proposal to eradicate such folly, however suspect the motives and however specious the arguments may appear at first sight' (*sic*), yet 'On no account should we even consider' [my italics] surrendering our stockpile of atomic and hydrogen bombs, our military alliances, our 'western unity and strength'; on the contrary, 'Let us keep, and if necessary increase, our insurance policies'. In other words, we 'aim', we 'examine', but we never, no never, consider doing anything to reduce the immense burdens of expenditure and anxiety under which the whole world is being crushed. On the contrary, we go on increasing them.

The tragedy of it is that, in spite of the unfortunate impression conveyed by his grandiloquent journalistic phrases, calculated to convince the reader and hearer of our own complete reasonableness and of communist insincerity, Mr. Curtis seems to have been speaking in good faith.

I am not suggesting that Mr. Vyshinsky is an angel of sweetness and light, or that the Soviet Union is not out to get all the advantage she can in any new turn of international bargaining. What I do suggest is that it is time that we all became a little realistic.

I have recently prepared from official sources a 'Chronology of Negotiations for the International Control of Atomic Energy' which will be published in a forthcoming issue of the *Atomic Scientists Journal*. The thing that emerges most clearly from a straight reading of this is that at every stage of this unhappy piece of history each party to the negotiations has been seeking its own advantage, even within the context of a world settlement that might have been to everyone's advantage. But since under these circumstances security for some spells insecurity for others, no agreement has been possible and the arms race has continued.

What we need to realise is that in a world armed with nuclear weapons there is no military security for anyone: reasonable and sincere or unreasonable and insincere, I believe that we have reached this impasse because we have failed to understand that 'peace through strength' is essentially a gamble in fear and hatred and is therefore essentially unethical, immoral, wrong. No amount of emphasis on the 'tremendous

success' of the London Conference can alter the fact that it was another tremendous step along the same road.

Russia has now made an offer which certainly implies a major concession on her part. Instead of reiterating our intention of increasing 'insurance policies' which are, after all, no guarantee against suicide and which become invalid when we do commit suicide, would it not have been better at least to have contributed to a lessening of international tension by a courteous welcome of the latest Russian offer and an assumption that it is a genuine attempt to find agreement? This could perhaps have been combined with a hope that not too much time will be spent in unprofitable discussions on what is to be the 'agreed norm'. We might even perhaps suggest that it should be zero. That is a good round figure. It might even be accepted.

Yours, etc.,

West Drayton

KATHLEEN LONSDALE

The Shape of Freedom

Sir,—Mr. A. W. H. Nicolson, in THE LISTENER of September 30, cites Higgins-Colombos, *Law of the Sea*, pages 178-186, as authority for his theory that the 'Jaroslav Dabrowski and the persons on board ship were not at any time subject to British jurisdiction'. He would appear to have overlooked the reference on page 181 to the Brussels Convention of 1926, in which Poland, amongst other nations, agreed to

... the general principle that ships and cargoes owned or operated by governments for commercial purposes shall, as to legal actions and remedies, be subject to common maritime law.

On page 222 of the same work it is stated that:

The English Courts possess jurisdiction to entertain a writ of *habeas corpus* brought by any person retained in custody on board a foreign vessel in a British port, and to test its validity.

That is one provision of 'common maritime law' to which a foreign ship, even if state-owned, submits herself when she is operated 'for commercial purposes'.—Yours, etc.,

Fakenham

H. G. THURSFIELD

The Right of Political Asylum

Sir,—Dr. Hobsbawm's letter (THE LISTENER, October 7) asserts that the criteria of asylum ought to be the same, whatever the political system of the applicant's country, and that I missed this point in my talk. In fact I dealt with it by controverting it. The grant of asylum is a political act, and to say that political views ought not to enter into it is unrealistic. I think (and I said) that things are coming close to the line in the U.S.A., but that the 'political system' argument has weight and is still enough to tip the scales. Humanity, after all, is the underlying motive in granting asylum, and the question whether a fugitive will

or will not be humanely treated in his own country is bound to depend on our view of its political practices. Dr. Hobsbawm's example of Russia and France in the nineteenth century does not really support his case: it is perfectly possible for countries with different systems to provide candidates for asylum—communist Russia and Nazi Germany are obvious examples.

I agree with Dr. Hobsbawm's other point, in so far as he is saying (as I said also) that the whole question of asylum wears a different aspect in a world where there is little freedom of movement between countries. But when he suggests that many expatriates from East Europe 'run no risks at home' he is turning a blind eye to the argument which probably works most powerfully on public opinion in England: which is, of course, the 'political system' argument. If one can 'run no risks at home' only by refraining from criticising the government, that is so repugnant to English feelings that a case for asylum arises almost automatically. I quite agree that this leads to the absurdity that a large part of the population of, say, Poland could ask for asylum merely because they prefer liberty to intolerance. But that reflects the lamentable state of the world rather than any weakness in the principle. Perhaps it is only because of restrictions on movement that the demand for asylum does not grossly exceed the supply.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

H. W. R. WADE

'The Queen's Government'

Sir,—Mr. T. E. Utley in his Third Programme talk on Sir Ivor Jennings' book *The Queen's Government* (printed in THE LISTENER of September 30) says that the main conclusions of the book are indisputable and authoritative.

The first of these is that British elections are decided by the winning of the marginal seats. This seems to me like saying that a see-saw oscillates about its pivot; it is true enough, but not very helpful advice if you want to swing a see-saw—or an election.

The second is that the marginal seats are in lower-middle-class areas. This again is broadly true, but it is a rather misleading way of looking at things. They are not marginal because they are lower-middle-class areas; they are marginal because the kind of people who live there are the kind of people who waver between Tory and Labour; and they are lower-middle-class because it is the same kind of people who get on averagely well in the world.

The third conclusion is that the political parties are forced to tailor their policies to suit the marginal voters, who thus have disproportionate influence, and that this is a bad thing. This, again, is rather misleading. To win an election one of the two parties must propound a policy which satisfies their own partisans and the marginal vote as well, so as to give them a majority of the votes. Nothing could be simpler

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or more democratic. Whether democracy is a good thing or not is another matter.

Mr. Utley's list of the baits which the parties use to attract the marginal vote is extremely naive. Social security, free education, financial stability, lower income tax, 'personal security'—of these only the first and the last are the stuff of which political sympathies are made. No mention of nationalisation, German rearmament, the hydrogen bomb, the Far East—all the questions that fill our headlines. But specific questions are not of importance. A political conversion is like a religious conversion: when we are converted we believe all the dogma, swallow the party line. To make people vote tory, they have to be made to be tory-minded, and that cannot be done by saying the tories will lower the income-tax.

Yours, etc.,

Dublin

HUGH MUNRO

The Germans and Their History

Sir,—I enjoyed the excellent talk by Terence Prittie in THE LISTENER of September 9, 'How the Germans Are Miswriting their History'. But allow me to correct the statement that just one major work, Eugen Kogon's *The S.S. State*, has been published in the German language about concentration camps.

I do not know how many of the ten or twelve German books on concentration camps (published outside Germany, of course) I have read are to be called major works, but surely the best book published on the subject, Benedikt Kautsky's book *Teufel und Verdammte (Devils and Damned)*, is a major book. This book of the son of Karl Kautsky, himself a well-known author, who spent seven years in German concentration camps, is without any doubt the fundamental book on the subject. Unfortunately the book, not a book of personal memories but the book on the institution of the concentration camp written for the future historian, published by the Büchergilde Gutenberg, Zürich, and the Volksbuchhandlung, Vienna, has not yet been translated into English.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.9

STEFAN KUTTNER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

The Humanists

Sir,—May I raise a small protest in defence of humanism? With Mr. Watkins' talk I have no quarrel, except over his *ad hominem* definition of the humanist as 'a man who is angry with God' and the implications of this definition. Anti-theological polemics are merely part of the growing pains of humanism. However, I should like to express my disagreement with the concluding paragraph of your editorial comment (THE LISTENER, September 30). The humanists made the grave mistake of being unduly optimistic. In reaction, we today make the far graver one of unreasonable pessimism. If the humanistic attitude is conditioned by the narrow environment of leisure and security in which it grew, the neo-Paulism of today is conditioned by a ridiculously narrow historical perspective. Naturally, the shocking events of the last twenty years engross a large part of our attention. The point is that we failed to use a sufficient historical imagination before that time. Had we done so, we might have been prepared to react a little more sanely to such reminders as Himmler or Belsen.

We cannot throw overboard humanism as carelessly as all that, and along with it its belief in the possibility and the usefulness of intellectual and moral advancement. Apart from anything else, its ancestry is too impressive (Mr. Watkins rather unwisely mentions Plato). What we must do is to learn a certain amount of intellectual humility, and to defer our hopes a

little. Do we need on that account to accept a dogma of original sin?

Finally, your use of the phrase 'the religion of humanism' begs the whole question. Humanism is not a religion: it is an attitude—a particularly valuable one today.—Yours, etc.,

IAIN LONIE

Tragedy and Religion

Sir,—May I reply to the letters on this topic published in THE LISTENER of September 23 and 30? Dr. Maybaum begins with the illuminating point that Christianity presents the Hebrew message within the framework of tragedy. Yet it is, as he agrees, a transformation of the tragic theme. The message remains one of 'good tidings'; the 'success-story' (as he calls it) is still a success-story and so, I think, non-tragic. Dr. Maybaum makes another valuable contribution to the discussion in his distinction between the characters of ancient and modern tragedy, though his description of Greek drama exaggerates into a universal proposition what may fairly be called a tendency. But even if it were true that the Greek tragic hero always 'exists in self-centred aloofness', the introduction in later tragedy of the biblical view of man would not necessarily carry with it the biblical view of God. Love of one's neighbour does not have all the implications of a love of God.

Professor Davison cites L. R. Farnell to support his own disagreement with the common interpretation of 'Prometheus Vincit' which I followed. If he is thinking of Farnell's reference to the play in *Cults of the Greek States*, Vol. I, what Farnell says is that Prometheus, and perhaps the chorus in the 'Agamemnon', depart from the usual view of Aeschylus that Zeus is omnipotent. This has no bearing on the statement in my talk that Zeus is imperfect in respect of wisdom and the moral use of his power. Zeus' own messenger admits by implication that Zeus is not omniscient, and explicitly states that Zeus takes no cognizance of lament, thereby provoking Prometheus' retort that time will teach. The brevity of my remark that Prometheus represents 'goodness' was misleading; I meant beneficence to man, which is prominent in theological discussion of God's goodness. In the play, Prometheus' enemies and friends alike emphasise his 'philanthropia'.

Mr. Stein says that 'tragedy leaves off where [Christian] theology begins'. Just so. My thesis was that biblical theology requires affirmations of faith which break the bounds of tragedy and cause it, in Mr. Stein's words, 'to pass into something else'. Where we have genuine tragedy we lack either of two essential elements of that faith.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.3

D. DAICHES RAPHAEL

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Limits to Railway Electrification

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Allen's broadcast (an extract from which was published in THE LISTENER of September 23), I disagree with his conclusion that there will not be much further railway electrification on British Railways for some time to come. The advantages of electrification are so great that electrification should be carried out with all possible speed.

(1) It will save about 10,000,000 tons of good quality coal each year (see the Weir Report).

(2) Some years ago there were 23,000 steam locomotives on our railways. Today, owing to road competition, there are only 19,000. Our policy should be to replace these steam locomotives by electric locomotives each being only slightly heavier than the locomotive which it replaces, but having two-and-a-half times more tractive effort. When, eventually, these loco-

motives have been replaced and the fleet of locomotives has been increased to its former 23,000, electric traction will be able to carry three times the present tonnage which last year was 300,000,000 tons, while road transport carried 900,000,000 tons of goods and minerals. The railways would be able to carry 900,000,000 tons per annum while road transport would carry 300,000,000 tons annually.

(3) This large transfer of goods and mineral traffic from road transport to rail transport would be facilitated by the fact that electrification would reduce the annual operating costs of the railways by 50 per cent., enabling fares and freight charges to be reduced by about 45 per cent. Rail transport would become cheaper than road transport.

(4) Incidental savings would be considerable. There might well be a reduction in the annual cost of road accidents of £30,000,000. There would certainly be the complete saving of the annual damage caused by smoke from steam locomotives, recently estimated at £20,000,000.

(5) Railway electrification is an urgent necessity. It would solve our transport problems and help to reduce the cost of living. Mr. Cock, chairman of the recent committee on railway electrification, has estimated that with an expenditure of £24,000,000 per annum, 280 route miles of line could be electrified each year, including 700 track miles.—Yours, etc.,

Twickenham

W. WAKEFIELD ADAM

Tomorrow's Airliners

Sir,—In Mr. Peter Masefield's interesting talk 'Tomorrow's Airliners' (THE LISTENER, September 30) he states that in 1964 the fares will average about sixpence per mile.

Last year, travelling by T.W.A. from New York to Los Angeles I paid £35—approximately threepence per mile. Are we to assume that ten years hence our fares will still be double what the American fares are now?—Yours, etc.,

St. Annes-on-Sea

B. HOUSLEY

Pronunciation of English

Sir,—There must be many listeners who would like an occasional talk on the new pronunciation of English. From talks I hear I realise that many pronunciations given in the various Oxford dictionaries are outmoded. The leader of the expedition that has just sailed said 'artic' and 'antartic' throughout his talk and I assume that he knows how these words are now pronounced. An Oxford professor pronounced 'decade' like 'decayed' and one of the speakers in 'Literary Opinion' began with the metaphor 'slough off', making 'slough' rhyme with 'plough'.

Yours, etc.,

Faversham

R. A. AUTY

'News Diary'

Sir,—I have been a regular subscriber to THE LISTENER since November 1951. The pile of nearly 150 copies is now a little too bulky to continue to keep in my small house and it becomes a wrench to part with so much valuable reading matter.

I feel sure, however, that you will be pleased to know that I have carefully preserved the middle 'News Diary' page. Three years of this page does not take up much space, especially if one takes the trouble and spends but a few seconds each week to punch two holes in the left-hand page and inserts it in a simple two-pin file. This file I now look upon as an addition to my library of singular value, and I would like to draw the attention of other readers to this most effective way of preserving a detailed and valuable record of our contemporary history.

Yours, etc.,

Caversham

ERIC D. BERRY

Art

Paul Cézanne

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE pretensions of a minor artist are the likeliest cause of his downfall. The pretensions of a great artist are his greatness. Never has there been an artist with pretensions greater than Cézanne's. It was not only that he set out to make colour do more than it had ever done before. It was rather that his pretensions were so fraught with contradictions. He wanted 'to make of impressionism something solid and enduring like the art of the museums'. He devoted his genius to denying the natural bent of his temperament, with its romanticism of feeling and taste for romantic subjects which in his early days often brought him to the verge of expressionism. Denying his temperament?—the phrase is so grossly over-simplified as to be quite wrong. He sublimated, transformed, his romanticism by opposing to it a will to discipline, to economy, and to fidelity to the observed facts: and the polarity was there to the bitter end. It was a struggle not unlike that into which Yeats threw himself. And the outcome, as with Yeats, was a language whose tautness and muscularity have never been surpassed, for it could be achieved only by having to bring under control an impulse to freedom and fantasy stronger than any ordinary genius would dare to try to control. But mentioning even a giant like Yeats in the same breath as Cézanne is to feel one has committed a blasphemy.

It was not only his subjectivity that Cézanne had to discipline but the objective world, not only the anarchy of his own emotions but the anarchy of nature, its way of slipping from the painter's grasp as he tries to bring it under control. And he never, so to speak, injected nature with a shot of sedative in order to make it easier to handle: he gave it its head. So it is that in some of his finest still-lives, like the big 'Pommes et Oranges' in the Jeu de Paume, the objects seem to be trying to assert their will to live by jumping about, jumping out of the picture, jumping out of place. And still they are held there, in place; just.

To hold things in place, this was his problem, not to put them there.

And it was this problem that determined the nature of his classicism. He wanted to '*refaire Poussin sur nature*'. But it was not the ideal architecture of Poussin that he aspired to, not the resonant music of volumes and intervals that are the product of invention. To do Poussin over again from nature in this sense was the achievement of Seurat. But Cézanne was a much less abstract artist than Seurat or Poussin. The composition of his paintings presents no grand and formal structure reflecting a vision of Elysium. It was determined, as he said, by the need to render the distances of objects in nature from the eye; and the impression it engenders—whatever the artificiality of its inner mechanics—is one of informality, of complete naturalness. Where he is classical is in the inevitability in which every object is held in place because every nuance of form is locked with the next in a tension at once terrible and serene embracing every inch of the canvas in a precarious yet immutable unity and harmony.

Everything is held in place in relation to everything else and to the confines of the rectangle. Everything, as it fills out space, clings tight to the surface of the picture. Nowhere more so than in the sumptuously monumental 'Portrait de Gustave Geffroy' included in the recent loan exhibition at the Orangerie in Paris or the austere meditative 'Cézanne à la Barbiche' in the current exhibition at the Tate, an exhibition which, if it contains less major works than the scrappy but inspiring collection at the Orangerie, is a model of intelligent and perceptive planning, hanging, and cataloguing. At the same time, the National Gallery's 'La Vieille au Chapelet' in the Tate exhibition and the similarly Rembrandtesque half-length 'Portrait de Vallier' in the show at the

Orangerie reveal how Cézanne could lose control. In these two paintings the unity is not sustained throughout the canvas: only part of the picture is held in that vice-like tension, while the rest of it, especially the background, detaches itself and floats away.

The art of Cézanne is—as all art is, only much more so—a resolution of contradictions. To speak of its conflicts between an extreme subjectivity and a rigorous classicism and between the anarchy of nature and the discipline of composition is only part of the story. The hard-won impersonality still does not preclude a freedom and eloquence of brushwork which makes our contemplation of his paintings an intimate contact with his personal gestures. The austerity of his design does not prevent his colour from possessing a sensuous richness which is truly rhapsodic. The fact that he was an innovator, one or another of whose shattering discoveries has been exploited by almost every painter who has come in his wake, has to be reconciled with the fact that his art was the summation and consolidation of most of the important discoveries made by European painting since the onset of the Renaissance.

So the range of his achievement is hardly less immense than its profundity. And it may be this breadth which explains the degree of his absolute dedication to painting. It is perhaps those whose

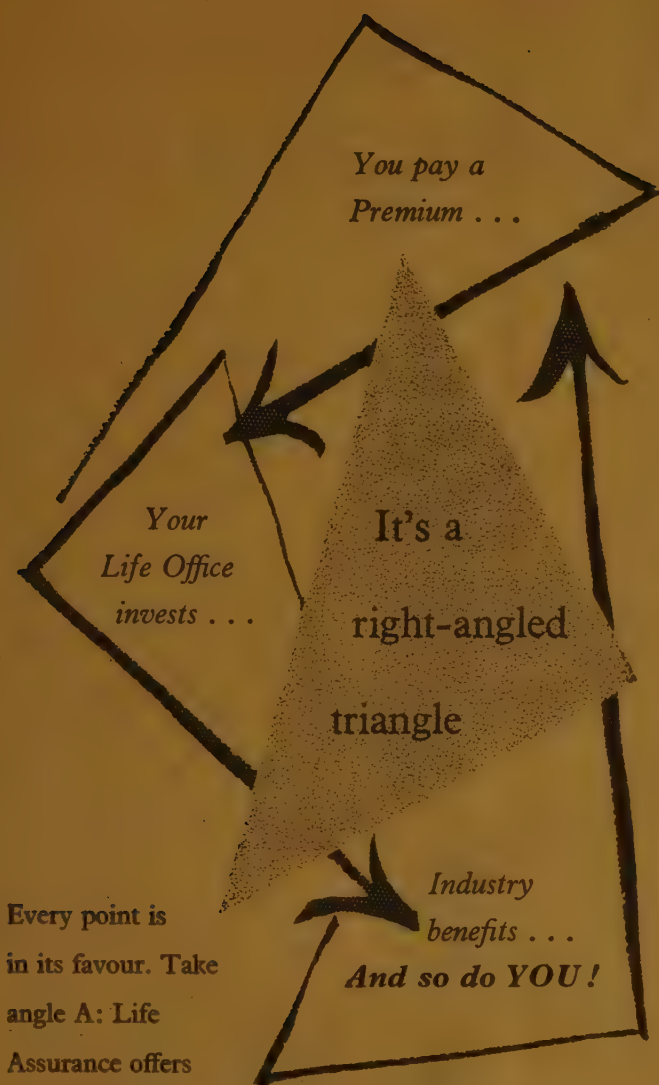
obsessions and emotional needs are rather restricted, like Leonardo, who are impelled to find several channels through which to exercise them, whereas those whose impulses and obsessions are very broad in scope can canalise them only by giving themselves to a single activity.

One can meditate endlessly on Cézanne's life and works, as on the life and works of a saint. To think of the works is to know what painting essentially is. To think of the life is to know what is human grandeur.

A new venture in paper-back publishing has been made by Collins with their Fontana Art Books, of which the first six volumes out of a planned sixty are now available. For 4s. per volume over fifty pages of reproductions, thirty in full colour, are provided, together with a biographical sketch of the artist concerned and commentaries on the plates. These first six volumes deal with Botticelli, Toulouse-Lautrec, El Greco, Van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne.



'Cézanne à la Barbiche' (c. 1901), from the exhibition of paintings by Cézanne at the Tate Gallery



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Nine Troubled Years. By Viscount Templewood (Sir Samuel Hoare). Collins. 25s.

HISTORY RAPIDLY TURNS ITSELF INTO a contest between black and white. In our minds we readily award emphatic condemnation or praise to the prime movers in great affairs. When a war comes it is understandable that there should be scapegoats. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his colleagues by popular consent have been set firmly in that role since September, 1939. 'Munich' and 'appeasement' are the words of abuse hurled at them. In the case of Sir Samuel Hoare (now Viscount Templewood) to those two epithets the words 'Hoare-Laval pact' are added. In 1940 Sir Samuel Hoare virtually disappeared from British public life when he went as Ambassador to Spain. Now with a clear head and accomplished pen he recalls the half-forgotten, although recent, past. It is unlikely that there will ever be a better defence of the now discredited policies of Baldwin and Chamberlain towards the dictators of Italy and Germany.

Lord Templewood conceals nothing and freely admits his mistakes. At every point he is astonishingly frank. For instance, in discussing the events which led up to the failure just before the war to achieve a pact between Britain and Russia he writes: 'The details, therefore, must be followed against a background of disbelief in Russian military strength and suspicion of Russian political motives'.

He shows himself to have been always a man of good intentions but he was always beset by the 'ifs' of history. If the terms of the pact between Sir Samuel as Foreign Secretary and Laval as the French Prime Minister had not been prematurely and one-sidedly divulged in the press they might have been accepted in Italy and in Britain. The plan did not, as is usually thought, propose the handing over of a defenceless Abyssinia to Italian greed. Abyssinia would have won valuable concessions as well as making some and would have received considerable assistance in economic development under League of Nations direction. But everything got muddled, and Sir Samuel, one moment enjoying Cabinet approval, was the next moment forced by the same Cabinet to resign as a sacrifice to public indignation at what had been presented as a surrender to Mussolini. The Hoare-Laval pact was scrapped. In Lord Templewood's view this led directly to the conquest of Abyssinia and to a perhaps avoidable unity between the two dictators of the Rome-Berlin axis.

If the Dominions had not declared their unwillingness to fight over Czechoslovakia, if Roosevelt had not repeatedly indicated his support of Chamberlain's attempts to negotiate with the dictators, if there had not been such widespread opposition in the country to rearmament, if France had been willing to fight, then, according to Lord Templewood, the story which began with Hitler's rise to power might have had an end other than world war. Lord Templewood plausibly presents Chamberlain and his intimates, of whom he was one, as grappling with difficulties which they could barely comprehend and could not hope to overcome. He gives an impressive reason for every action and illumines the complexities which prevent any governmental decision from being a mere matter of a choice between right and wrong. His description of the difference between his approach and that of Mr. Eden at the time of the latter's resignation is 'that I was more inclined than he to move step by step in the international field, and more

ready to negotiate with the dictators until we were militarily stronger'. It was all a matter of emphasis: not of a long series of avoidable mistakes. In politics there is often only a slight dividing line between the assessment of events which leads to a correct decision and the one which brings disaster. A man need be neither a fool nor a knave for his sense of the way in which history will develop to be a shade inaccurate.

Lord Templewood makes a brilliant defence of himself and his colleagues but the suspicion remains that they could have been bolder and more decisive in their dealings with the dictators. Their error seems to have been in a strange passivity, a *malaise* of tiredness, which pushed them into being directed by events instead of shaping them. No doubt the country was reluctant to rearm, but if those in authority shirked the disagreeable task of explaining the necessity for rearmament can the country be altogether blamed? The Chamberlain policy was to talk and act peace with the dictators while trying almost secretly to rearm at home. It was a policy that led to confusion and, like all policies which are split and demand schizophrenia of those called upon to implement them, it failed.

Because he is so modest and reasonable Lord Templewood emerges from his book as an attractive and unfairly misunderstood figure. He is a cultured and humane man whose voice has been on the side of tolerance and kindness. His experience as Home Secretary convinced him that flogging and capital punishment were outmoded relics of a once barbarous penal system. Indeed wherever he looks it is with an eye of compassion and of humility. He may not always have been as convinced as he is today that he could make mistakes, but he has lived a life in which he has never ceased to learn and he has written a justification of himself which must invite respect.

Theatre. By Desmond MacCarthy. Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.

Collections of dramatic criticism can be a bore, if the critic in action was a bore. They can also be a bore because they are dead leaves, doting and disapproving where no air stirs today. These writings of the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy are the reverse of boring and will disappoint only those whose chief interest in old notices is to see their own names in print—he praises only a few players and then not in detail. What remains extremely interesting, as in the collection of Shavian plays he criticised and which the same publishers issued some time ago, is a really good critical mind and a lover of the theatre considering such events as the first 'Dear Brutus', a war-time revival of 'The Circle', the death of Duse or 'Ibsen and the Tragic Sense' written in 1921 apropos of a performance of 'John Gabriel Borkman' which—one can read between the lines—evidently impressed MacCarthy more than some of his colleagues who no doubt dismissed it as 'gloomy Tommy rot' or suggested, as one did during the current Ibsen revival at Hammersmith, that 'Hedda needs a good spanking'. MacCarthy's defence of Ibsen is strong but remains lightly ironical. Ella Rentheim, he observes, 'is not a woman who packed up her troubles in the kit bag and smiled, smiled, smiled. "Bear it and grin" is, I maintain, the highest pitch to which modern sensibility will follow the dramatist. Such a play as this obviously overshoots that

pitch and falls, to the modern sense, into the nonsensical. "Unforgivable sin!" There is no such thing'. Written after a world war by a man who had known another sort of world, with other moral imperatives. But written, too, one should remember, by an Irishman for whom the English 'pack up your troubles' view of life would always remain irritating.

There is a highly intelligent review of the problem of censorship which some magistrates would do well to read today, though one doubts if any of their reading takes them to criticism such as this. There is also an essay on good talk, at which MacCarthy excelled. Most of the notices come from *The New Statesman and Nation*. Anyone interested in dramatic criticism, as practitioner or victim, would benefit by the first essay called 'The Ideal Spectator', a role to which MacCarthy does not lay claim though some people would say he played it.

Sören Kierkegaard

By Johannes Hohlenberg.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

The Mind of Kierkegaard. By James Collins. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Kierkegaard and Heidegger, the Ontology of Existence. By Michael Wyschogrod. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

Although Kierkegaard's work continues to arouse widespread interest, there has so far been available in English only one large-scale biography—Dr. Walter Lowrie's *Kierkegaard* published in 1938. The appearance of Mr. Johannes Hohlenberg's biography in a very readable translation by Mr. T. H. Croxall is, therefore, particularly welcome.

Mr. Hohlenberg admits at the outset that his book assumes a view of personality which stresses the uniqueness of great men whose lives express a 'cosmic idea' transcending the limitations of heredity and environment. The man of genius fulfils his 'fate' in spite of everything. 'Kierkegaard', we are told, 'had come into the world with the quite definite object of doing what he did, "under sealed orders"'. Although undue insistence on such a theory may arouse some readers' misgivings, Mr. Hohlenberg's discussion of particular points is not unduly influenced by his presuppositions. Putting himself to some extent in Kierkegaard's position, he gives us a kind of spiritual biography which shuns all attempts to interpret Kierkegaard's case in terms of 'depth psychology' or historical determinism in order to trace the gradual unfolding of his religious destiny in response to personal factors and external circumstances which act as the occasion rather than the cause of his development.

Although there is a certain amount of fresh information drawn from untranslated sources concerning Kierkegaard's relations with his contemporary background, the infrequency of dramatic incidents (the most important being his reactions to his father, his broken engagement, the controversy with the 'Corsair' and the final break with the Church) has made it difficult for Mr. Hohlenberg to add many new facts to Dr. Lowrie's earlier account. He has, however, brought out very clearly the personal and religious issues which were involved at each stage of Kierkegaard's existence. Particularly valuable is the account of Kierkegaard's relations with his father and especially of the famous



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'earthquake' which initiated the son into the meaning of his father's secret guilt. Mr. Hohlenberg makes a very ingenious attempt to probe the exact nature of this secret by means of a careful examination of the available evidence. There is also a full account of the controversy with the 'Corsair'. Some excellent pages are devoted to a subject only scantily treated by Dr. Lowrie—Kierkegaard's reactions to the case of Adler, the Danish pastor who claimed that his work was written at Christ's dictation. Kierkegaard's pondering of this incident helped to develop a fuller awareness of the true nature of his own function as an 'exception' and 'genius' who was 'without authority'.

A reading of Mr. Hohlenberg's book helps to clarify at least one reason for the fascination of Kierkegaard's work because it is evident that Kierkegaard's emphasis on the radical implications of 'what it means to become a Christian' represents not merely the earnestness of a teacher anxious to convey a message but the 'fear and trembling' of a man who—in spite of great physical and psychological difficulties—struggled constantly to attain complete spiritual integrity.

The new American study of Kierkegaard's thought by Mr. James Collins is, as its title suggests, only indirectly concerned with Kierkegaard the man. Based on the works of Kierkegaard available in English translations and neglecting for the most part the brilliant psychologico-philosophical studies of dread and despair which are so attractive to modern existentialists, Mr. Collins gives a conscientious account of the main philosophical ideas, first setting them within the context of Kantian, Hegelian, and German thought and then 'correcting' them in the light of Augustinian and Thomist philosophy. It is probably Mr. Collins' discussion of Kierkegaard's relations with the German thinkers and especially his careful examination of Kierkegaard's reactions to Hegel which are the most interesting and useful parts of this book.

Dr. Michael Wyschogrod's comparative study of the ontology of Kierkegaard and Heidegger is a work which is addressed primarily to philosophers and especially to those for whom the problem of Being is still relevant. As Dr. Wyschogrod admits, to consider Kierkegaard as the upholder of a particular ontology is radically to alter the perspective from which he himself wished his work to be viewed, for the notion of the subjective appropriation of truth by the 'existing' individual was held by him to be incompatible with the construction of metaphysical systems. Nevertheless, insists Dr. Wyschogrod, Kierkegaard's conception of the individual as the product of eternity and time does involve him in ontology, for eternity—according to our author—is 'pure Being'. Kierkegaard is therefore merely making a novel juxtaposition of 'old ingredients' in the history of thought. To Kierkegaard's implicit ontology is opposed the explicit attempt of Martin Heidegger to approach the problem of Being through the medium of existential analysis. All that can be said here is that this is probably one of the fullest and most useful accounts of Heidegger's philosophy yet available in English and it will be consulted with profit by all those who are interested in this enigmatic and often misunderstood philosopher.

and panders' at their respective courts. The wit of Charles is notorious. When someone suggested that he might marry one of the many German princesses he replied that he found them all 'dull and foggy' and he told Henriette, 'we have the same disease of sermons that you complain of, but I hope you have the same convenience that the rest of the family has, of sleeping out most of the time, which is a great ease to those who are bound to hear them'. Henriette had a similar wit. Reporting a new comet she said, 'There have been meetings at the Jesuit's Observatory which were attended by all the learned persons and also by those who are not . . . some say it is the same comet returned and others that it is a new one. And as one would have to get there to discover the truth I suppose it will remain undecided as well as the substance of which it is composed, which was also discussed. This is all that my ignorance permits me to tell you, and I think it is enough to satisfy your curiosity, since these learned gentlemen are beyond question all mad or very nearly so'.

The letters are important historically because Charles made use of his sister to negotiate the secret Treaty of Dover. This aimed at the perpetual alliance of England and France and a joint attack on Holland. It also adumbrated what some historians call the Second Stuart Despotism, conceived by Charles II, abandoned by him but later attempted by James II. Toleration in England was to supersede Anglican intolerance and 'bring back the nation to a submission to the Church of Rome'; but, in case Englishmen did not like this particular brand of tolerance, Charles 'would make certain that he had an adequate military force (6,000 French soldiers) to enforce his will'. Some readers may not share the author's belief that 'Charles II was in every way the most tolerant man of his generation'.

Those who take delight in deceiving others deceive themselves and it would be naive to suppose that Charles II was an exception: but Mr. Hartmann makes it clear that Charles fully realised the advantage to England of alliance with France, who had only slight maritime interests, against the Dutch, who were England's great sea-rivals.

The Drawings of G. B. Castiglione and Stefano della Bella in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle

By Anthony Blunt. Phaidon Press. 50s.

At intervals over the past fourteen years there has appeared under the general editorship of Professor Blunt a *catalogue raisonné* of the vast array of drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. The present book is the eleventh volume issued in this series. In the aggregate this ambitious project has greatly enhanced our knowledge of Old Master drawings, and a number of the volumes, among them those on Canaletto and on the Carracci, have rightly come to be accepted as the standard text-books on the artists with whom they deal. The new volume, devoted in large part to the Genoese painter and etcher Castiglione, will inevitably fall into this class. From the time of the inception of the series it has been clear that the main interest of the drawings in the Windsor Castle library derived from the existence of blocks of studies by certain artists sufficiently large and representative to enable their entire activity to be reviewed in new and more authoritative terms. After Professor Blunt's excellent analysis of the 260-odd sheets associate with Castiglione much remains uncertain, but the development of the artist's pictorial style emerges for the first time with unambiguous clarity.

Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione was born at Genoa, probably about 1600. Trained under the

animal painter Sinibaldo Scorza, he became acquainted with the work of Flemish artists practising in Genoa, and at an early stage seems to have come in contact with the etchings of Rembrandt, which were to form an intermittent source of influence throughout his entire life. By 1634 he had moved from Genoa to Rome, where he aligned himself with Poussin and Mola, and, to a less extent, with Claude. His experiences in Rome are summed up in a beautiful monotype of *Temporalis Eternitas* at Windsor, apparently prepared after his return to Genoa in 1645. At this time, too, he submitted to the influence of Rubens. Only after 1651, however, when the main scene of his activity was Mantua, does Castiglione become, in the full sense of the term, a Baroque artist. This belated development of a true Baroque style is reflected, as Professor Blunt's clear-headed introduction shows, in Castiglione's subject-matter as well as in his formal schemes; one of the most impressive of the late drawings illustrated in the book depicts a mystical subject conjecturally identified as the Jews begging forgiveness from the crucified Christ. Though his career can be charted in terms of the artistic influences which affected him, Castiglione was, from the first to last, a strikingly individual artist. A good painter and a fastidious etcher, his drawing style depended largely on the application of pigment with a brush, and his sketches, despite their slapdash execution and nerveless line, have always enjoyed a certain vogue among collectors who prefer pictorial to purely graphic quality. More important, they exercised an influence in France on Fragonard, who copied, for engraving, many of the drawings now in the Royal Library, and number the pastorals of Huet among their progeny.

The second of the artists dealt with in this book, the Florentine etcher Stefano della Bella, also forms a link between Italy and France, since he resided in Paris for some years and counted among his imitators Israel Silvestre. Stefano della Bella's style was based primarily on Callot, and was later modified by contacts with Dutch art. But he, too, like Castiglione, possessed a strongly marked individuality. Never working outside his natural range and drawing by preference on a small scale, he is in some respects the more attractive and more accomplished artist. This part of the volume is, however, disappointingly perfunctory, and is of the nature of a hand-list rather than a catalogue.

A Bewilderment of Birds

By J. K. Stanford. Hart-Davis. 18s.

This charming ornithological autobiography is a record of travels and of reminiscences about birds, places, and people. Colonel Stanford is a first-rate field naturalist; he tells of his early days as a schoolboy bird-man when he tramped the Suffolk coast and marshes fifty years ago, and then of his experiences with birds while he was stationed for many years in different parts of Burma—he is co-author of the standard book on the birds of the region. Wherever his journeys took him he was watching and collecting birds, and he writes of them with an infectious enthusiasm that brings them vividly before the reader. Finally he returns again to the Suffolk marshes, very much changed from their former glory but, strangely, fuller of birds than ever, with nesting colonies of species that had long been thought extinct as British breeding birds. The last chapters tell with gentle humour of the pleasures and horrors of an international bird-study congress. Colonel Stanford does not care for the modern type of ornithologist who writes up his studies of bird behaviour in jargon that sounds very learned but is almost meaningless when analysed, and one cannot but sympathise with him. He has produced a fascinating and delightful book.

The King My Brother

By Cyril Hughes Hartmann.

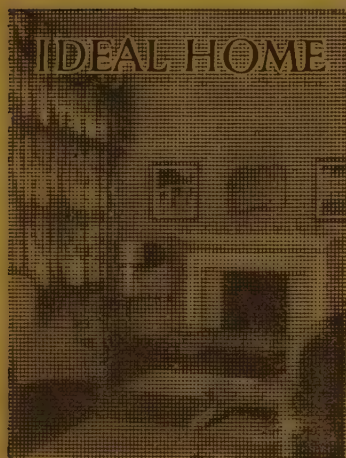
Heinemann. 21s.

The great merit of this book is that it sets forth, with a lucid connecting narrative, the correspondence between Charles II and his sister Henriette-Anne, who was married to the brother of King Louis XIV of France. Charles and Henriette both wrote lively letters and give a vivid picture of the 'regiment of women wits

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The Prospects of the Western World

A Study of History, Vols. VII to X. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. 150s. the set

IN THIS BOOK', wrote Spengler in *The Decline of the West*, 'is attempted for the first time the venture of following the still untravelled stages in the destiny of a Culture, and specifically of the only Culture . . . which is actually in the phase of fulfilment'—the culture and civilisation of the West.

For all Dr. Toynbee's distrust of Spengler's methods and conclusions, these words of his predecessor accurately describe the ultimate object he set himself, some thirty years ago, when he began his *Study of History*. It was, he tells us, 'an attempt to take bearings in the uncharted seas of a post-Modern chapter of Western history'; and because, for Toynbee, history is action, this object was never lost to view, however far from 'post-Modern' times he ranged. The identification and analysis of all known civilisations, their genesis and growth, their breakdown and disintegration, in the six volumes which appeared by 1939, was essentially a preliminary task; it was undertaken (and here the difference from Spengler is marked) not for its own sake, but to establish 'laws' (if 'laws' there were) and parallels, in the light of which to evaluate the prospects of the West. Could the comparative study of civilisations—thirty in number (according to Toynbee's count), if all abortive and arrested civilisations were taken into reckoning—cast light on the course our own was taking, as it waltzed erratically through the twentieth century? For of twenty-one civilisations which had run full course twenty were dead or *in articulo mortis*. What could we learn of the expectations of the twenty-first from the fate of the other 'representatives of its species'?

The question was, in any case, urgent enough for us, 'the children of a post-Christian world', in the 'Time of Troubles' of our 'post-Modern age of Western history'; and there is no shame in confessing, now that the immense feat of concluding the *Study of History* has been accomplished, that our first concern is to see what answer Dr. Toynbee gives to it. What, then, in his view, are 'the prospects of the Western civilisation'? What, in the perspective of 5,000 years does he make of its 'expectations of life' half-way through the twentieth century?

Beyond all doubt, Dr. Toynbee finds, Western civilisation today exhibits 'authentic symptoms of breakdown and disintegration'. He analyses 'Western Society's progressive economic defeat since the Industrial Revolution', traces the eclipse of the middle-classes, the growth of 'cultural proletarianisation', the 'spiritual wilderness' in which we live. Physical science, 'a series of socially and morally subversive intellectual discoveries', has 'armed a perpetually reborn Original Sin with a weapon potent enough to enable a sinful Mankind to annihilate itself'. On the one hand, Western civilisation is 'in imminent danger of destroying itself by failing to stop making war'; on the other hand, it is 'in hardly less imminent danger of stultifying itself by seeking asylum from War and Class-Conflict in Circe's pig-sty'—that is to say, in the rigid confinement of a universal state. A 'world-government', Dr. Toynbee believes, is 'eventually inevitable'; yet the history of other civilisations demonstrates that 'this barbarous remedy for a desperate malady' was able neither 'to save the sick civilisation's life' nor 'to rid a war-stricken world of war in perpetuity'. If 'Mankind is to find a happy issue out of an impending affliction', the only thing that can save it is 'a change of heart', a 'fresh religious revolution'. But since 'there is no hope

in returning to a traditional faith after it has once been abandoned', the answer is not a mere revival of 'Christian orthodoxy'. Rather, it seems, Dr. Toynbee looks forward to some new syncretism, a fusion of Muslim and Christian, Buddhist and Hindu, for our salvation. In this way, he believes, it is 'conceivable that a re-transfer of energy from Economics to Religion' may 'ultimately come to a self-stultified Western *Homo Economicus* rescue'; at all events 'this happy spiritual prospect' is 'at least a possibility' in which 'a dispirited generation of Western men and women' may 'catch a beckoning gleam of kindly light'.

'A beckoning gleam of kindly light'? It seems unlikely. As Dr. Toynbee himself insists, Christianity and the other 'universal churches' rose by absorbing 'energy transmitted by a disintegrating civilisation', which they transmitted to 'another civilisation that had germinated in the missionary church's womb'. Does this betoken the 'rescue' of Western *Homo Economicus*, or does it not rather indicate that he will be trodden underfoot as a stepping-stone to higher things? When Dr. Toynbee writes that the 'first chapter of Western history might perhaps repeat itself', what can this mean except that Western civilisation will be superseded, as Western civilisation itself superseded Rome? Is this what Dr. Toynbee wishes to suggest, in the Delphic utterance terminating his oracular vision of 'The Straits Ahead', when he writes of 'the knowledge that comes only through suffering' and the 'sacrifice . . . accepted by the Lord'? I suspect it is, for elsewhere he states, with breath-taking oblivion to the enormous genocide involved, 'that the breakdown of a civilisation is not a catastrophe if it is the overture to a church's birth'. Churches, he protests, do not exist simply in order to keep civilisations alive (whoever supposes that they do?); but civilisations, it appears, exist simply to produce churches. 'Except in so far as they minister to the progress of Religion', they 'have forfeited their historical significance'!

Such statements reveal with startling clarity the extent to which Dr. Toynbee has lost interest in civilisation as such. All that now matters to him is 'Man's mysterious spiritual ascent on the wings of material catastrophe'. And that, no doubt, is why, when at length he comes to them, his reflections on 'the prospects of the Western civilisation' are so lacking in inspiration. For it is obvious that the picture of contemporary Western society summarised above is a hotch-potch of the platitudes of current social and political analysis, combined with wishful thinking and dubious speculations; there is nothing of the philosophic depth or emancipation from the transient preoccupations of the current hour, which we await of an historian who views contemporary civilisation in the perspective of 5,000 years.

The reason, quite simply, is that Dr. Toynbee is no longer interested in bringing to bear on the problem of civilisation the perspective of 5,000 years; his eye is fixed instead on the dim and distant prospect of a 'higher species of society', of which civilisation is at best the unwilling foster-mother. Consequently he is astonishingly indifferent to the accuracy and consistency in detail, without which the comparative study of civilisations is likely to prove the worst of delusions. On one page, for example, he asserts that Hitler performed the same service 'for some future architect of a *Pax Oecumenica*' as Caesar (102-44 B.C.) for Augustus; on another, that 'the two dates A.D.

1914 and 431 B.C. were philosophically contemporaneous'. Which statement (if either) are we to believe? But what, above all else, is the value of findings which accept without blenching a discrepancy of almost four centuries? If we are to hope to chart, by comparative methods, the prospects of the Western world in the mid-twentieth century, the first necessity is to pinprick with all possible accuracy its position on the comparative time-chart of civilisations.

This, precisely this, is the historian's professional function; but Dr. Toynbee denounces 'the professional Scribes and Pharisees' of the historical world, accusing them of 'hybris' and 'antinomianism' because they deny the 'practicability' of comparative history and the cogency of his arguments, on the ground that twenty-one civilisations are an inadequate number 'for testing hypotheses by the empirical method of trial and error'. But the effective criticism is different. What makes his views and findings so difficult to test, and so elusive, is his inconsistency and his arbitrary use of historical evidence. He prides himself on his 'empirical method'; but, as Geyl and others have pointed out, this is 'mere make-belief'. His assertion, for example, of the inevitability of a single 'world-government' is certainly not deduction from observation; for comparative history would indicate, if anything, a long-term coexistence of Russia and America similar to that of Rome and Persia. His parallel between Hitler and Caesar is at first glance apt; but if we pause to consider that it implies the succession of a German Augustus, we may well wonder whether the relevant parallel is not with Hannibal.

If we pause to consider. . . But Dr. Toynbee, in his haste to point a moral to a sickly world before it is too late, has neither time nor patience for minutiae such as these. The factual basis of history is for him simply raw material which must be brought—the classical example is his manipulation of the history of Islam and of Ancient Egypt—somehow or another into conformity with his theorems. He lacks, in short, the historian's characteristic piety towards the past; and if he replies (as well he might) that respect for the past is not enough, and that the historian's first duty is to the present, the answer is, quite simply, that he can perform no useful service to the present—and is likely only to mislead and mystify—unless his history is scrupulous and consistent. If, for example, Dr. Toynbee's interpretation of Russian history is arbitrary and unacceptable—and that, I believe, is the verdict of every competent authority on eastern Europe in this country—what, considering the central part which Russia plays in world affairs today, is the validity of his assessment of the 'prospects' of contemporary civilisation?

Certainly the questions which Dr. Toynbee asks will continue to stimulate and engross, because they spring from the heart of the present and reflect preoccupations to which none of us can be oblivious; but his answers are unlikely to satisfy, because they are in the end mere intuitions which lack—by comparison even with Spengler—the fire and compulsion of inner necessity. No one would deny the abundance of stimulating ideas and formulations, which is a mark of his writing; but the stimulus is to criticism and contradiction, not to acceptance. And 'a twentieth-century Westernising World' will make its own history, for good or ill, not to the pattern of Dr. Toynbee's hopes and fears and admonitions, but in accordance with its own genius and folly—and God's abiding irony.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Jumping in My Armchair

THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW, at Harringay, was splendid television. 'Lorry Driver of the Year', another of last week's programme subjects, was exclusive to the viewing comity of Sutton Coldfield, Holme Moss, and Kirk o' Shotts, so that I am unable to say whether that was splendid television too. The idea alerts one's thoughts to a variety of possibilities. Is the film actor, James Robertson Justice, who appeared in Peter Scott's programme, in the running for Beard of the Year: who will emerge from 'Tall Story Club' as Liar of the Year? This insistence on the quintessential might uncomfortably rebound, with television running the risk of getting itself written off by more intelligent viewers as Bore of the Year.

It is a fact that the voices of dissatisfaction have become louder in my ears: cumulative effect of the sunshine shortage? 'There could be a television slump'. It was a producer who said it. Staring fatefully into his gin-and-French, he relieved me of the egotistical notion that critics are of the first importance in what they say and do not say about the programmes. 'We can ignore you. We can't ignore the unions, the engineers, the administrators, equipment deficiencies, or the regions'. He made Lime Grove sound like a battlefield. I bowed the head, more than ever bemused by the marvel that any of the programmes, bad and good, ever reaches our screens.

Why, rather than how, some of them do is another matter. The point came up sharply with the Peter Scott half-hour already mentioned, 'Painting Aloud'. A *Radio Times* programme note gave it out as an informal talk, when in truth it was too obviously rehearsed, especially the jauntier bits in which we saw Scott remembering that it would be pleasant to have a drink and pretending to like it when it came. As for talk, it is true that we were not invited to listen to Dr. Johnson, who liked to 'lay his mind to yours', as he said of another good talker, or to Coleridge, who had the manner of engaging in conversation with time and space. But this was mere verbal scribbling, hardly worth the effort of listening.

No producer, not even one as experienced as Desmond Hawkins, can hold us to the pretence of people being as relaxed and as natural as if

they did not know we were looking at them. That sort of television deceit, one believed, had been punctured some time ago when the cameras took us, once or twice only, into private houses where they were supposed to display their artfulness in catching people in the act of after-dinner conversation. Or at Oxford, more recently, in the rooms of a don. To attempt such a contrivance argues a faulty imagination. 'Painting Aloud', like too many other programmes nowadays, left me with the suspicion that it had been devised because Peter Scott is one of



Miss Pat Smythe on Prince Hal during the 'Horse of the Year Show' which was televised from Harringay last week

television's old dependables. But it is not enough to be competent, even if we do not require to be 'serpentine' and 'corkscrewed' out of our senses, as Betsy Trotwood said.

Which brings me back to the Television Programme of the Year, in so far as achieving precisely that effect was concerned, the international jumping contests at Harringay. By the time Saturday night's climax was reached, I had ruined the springs of my armchair, so desperately involved did I allow myself to become in

the fortunes of the riders of those magnificent horses. The last time I sat on a horse, the horse retorted by sitting on me (hospital, four months). Forgetting that old enmity, I revelled in every minute of the five separate Harringay programmes and would not have missed them for any other television activity of the week, though I might have felt a cad for wilfully

ignoring that distressing film about the refugees. At Harringay the television outside broadcasting department was at the top of its form. With the aid of those useful *Radio Times* diagrams of the jumps and of Dorian Williams' measured commentary, we viewers had a thoroughly good time, with the bonus of occasionally seeing more of the game than those on the spot.

The refugees film, 'The Waiting People', was to my mind the best so far in the series sponsored by United Nations and called 'The World Is Ours'. A number of universal topics have been examined: none more tragic or more shameful than this, with its sombre implications for every individual seeing it, you, me, all of us. In Europe, now, there are 355,000 stateless, homeless persons, 80,000 of them in camps. We saw some of them, their eyes gazing past the camera into a future which to them is a timeless desert in which it seems they are for ever doomed to wander. There was a terrible poignance in the glimpses we were given of their children blissfully at play, for some day the truth will strike them a brutal stabbing blow. Can it be utterly beyond the manipulations of men to admit more, if not all, of these people to the decent societies of the world—the family, for instance, which must be rootless because of its spastic child? Sticking to its merciless brief of giving us the facts, the film deepened our embarrassment by disclosing that certain financial sources of aid and comfort have dried up and that a new appeal is meeting with a far from encouraging response. The best service B.B.C. television can render to those lost people is to show the film again. It would be a well-deserved compliment, also, to Norman Swallow, its producer.

Scenes at the Conservative Party Conference were shown to us in telerecordings, blemished by the unevenness of quality apparently inseparable from that form of reproduction. The occasion was a sort of government harvest festival, in the course of which we were given one astonishing glimpse of pagan rites in the ballroom: three dancing couples only on the floor, all women. At the harvest festival service from Peover, in Cheshire, the Sunday before, the cameras underlined the significant absence of the kindly fruits of the earth, one more reminder of a bad year. The Rev. Peter Hamilton's interjected commentary was a neat device for clinching our attention to the occasion's inner meaning.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Another Face

'NOT THAT CRESSIDA AGAIN?' There were incredulous looks in many a cosy nook when it was seen that a play called 'The Face of Love' by Ian Dallas had as *dramatis personae* those wretched Greeks, and things that so many viewers had hoped had been buried for good and all after 'Troilus and Cressida' the other day. Now here it all was again—wasn't it? No, it wasn't. I hope a few malcontents stayed watching, for what was unfolded, if at points a little callow, was still one of the few new television dramas I have seen which gripped attention and held it firmly.



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'The Waiting People', No. 4 in the series of documentary films 'The World Is Ours', on October 8—a child behind barbed wire; and (right) children playing in an Austrian camp

John Gura

Mr. Dallas is doing, of course, what the French intellectual is never tired of doing and has done since Racine and Corneille took the history and myth of the ancient world and recreated it in their own terms—a Jansenist Phaedra becoming Phèdre. He is doing what Anouilh did with 'Antigone' who, to the annoyance of the occupying Germans, suddenly popped up as a resistance heroine. But he is not, with only Shakespeare's play and Chaucer to work on, in quite such an easy case—and anyhow he wanted to say something more on his own, to take the story further, to unveil Helen and let us see that the face which launched a thousand ships in time grew gaunt—and how grandly Miss Miller did it, she who is never afraid of making herself look ugly—the face was the face of Blanche Dubois just off the streetcar named desire. The sudden emergence of this harridan, butting in on a party political broadcast by General Hector, was only one of Mr. Dallas' good effects. There were plenty more. In short, though I think it hard on young dramatists when heads of department tout them too keenly, I agree with Mr. Michael Barry in his estimate of Mr. Dallas as a playwright born. A feeling for the *coup de théâtre* is worth tons of sociological clear thinking and fancy word-spinning in the manner of . . . well, you know who.

But what about the language? Arty at times? Yes, I agree. Too many metaphors 'taken, as Miss Prism hastily added, from bees and flowers'. But also there was real eloquence. The love scenes between Mary Morris as Cressida and Laurence Payne as Troilus sounded more, to my ear, like the way Shakespeare should and can sound than half the current Shakespeare performances at a theatre which shall be nameless. Am I a fuddy-duddy to like blank verse to sound like blank verse? What, if it doesn't, is it, so to say, for?

The sundered pair played beautifully together and apart. Laurence Payne may not be the most imposing actor in the world, but there are romantic regions where he goes steadily forward and this death scene was one such stride. Miss Morris, I won't reiterate, wipes the board when she is rightly cast. Among others in a string of highly successful performances was, well out in front, Peter Cushing whose Mardian struck a real diplomatic chill at sight. Beautiful but almost imperceptible acting. I got a little restive about the stagily earthy soldiery and the corporal's wife, George Rose and Nuna Davey being unable to reconcile me to this element, but some of the post-war society chatterers were fine and one recalls the look on the face of young Diomedes (Ronald Lewis), a look of surprised wonder which again was a gift. What, 'in a nutshell', as they say, did Mr. Dallas tell us? But when one is young (and even later, though that is a secret) one does not say things in nutshells. Something to the effect that life is ruthless but precious above all else and that it is we, the living, be we Trojans or Greeks, who are to blame if it turns out dust and ashes. I found it a highly interesting evening. I shall recall the producer's name too: Alvin Rakoff.

The week has bristled with good acting—plays about drowning babies or having babies, whatever the upper

classes might say (St. John Hankin usually turns out a little better in revival than one had hoped—and there was Wendy Hiller to do the honours), and a play by Ursula Tighe Hopkins, 'The Game and the Onlooker', which gave Marie Ney a chance for some fine work. And then on Sunday night there was 'Rebecca'.

Why this poor man's *Jane Eyre* ever became a best seller has hitherto been a puzzle to me. This production (Rudolph Cartier) made me understand. While it is going on, one is caught and does not analyse the thing for the skivvies' *Weltanschauung* that it is. I was hugely interested.

The acting vivified the hokum. William Squire as the wicked, lovable Max, Patricia Laffan starting the chilling, Sonia Dresdel playing a concerto of innuendoes with that special line in rattlesnake timing which is all her own, and Jeannette Sterke (who nearly saved that dank Danish castle play some time back) here had a chance, as the poor frightened second wife which she took with poise and charm. The play's success is, I suppose, because it enshrines a myth which all women secretly subscribe to, i.e., that men are guilty, tormented creatures with streaks of silver in their hair who are presently tamed and shriven by second loves.

'Rebecca' was preceded by the Paris Opera ballet performing meaningless but very marvellous technical prodigies in Lander's ballet called 'Etudes'. It seems to me Sadler's Wells will have to look to its laurels if it is to match male dancing like that of Renault or Lacotte or the development of a ballerina such as Mlle. Bardin. Beautiful presentation, but who wrote the music, please?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



Scene from 'The Face of Love' on October 5, with (in uniform, left) Hugh Sinclair as Hector, and (right) Joan Miller as Helen

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Puzzle Corner

AT LAST we can say exactly how Sherlock Holmes spoke when he deduced that Watson had had a Turkish bath. To hear Sir John Gielgud as he murmured 'Your boots, Watson!' was to know it all. The voice radiated a gentle omniscience. It was, too, a soothing, slightly chiding voice. By now Watson ought to have grasped the methods: this problem was quite elementary. However, on to the next business. There we sat, the cigars in the coal-scuttle, the fire glowing agreeably, cabs clopping through Baker Street, and Charles Augustus Milverton about to enter at any moment.

This first episode—directed by Val Gielgud—in 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (Light), was prefatory. We shook hands, as it were, with Holmes, who rapidly filed our case-histories in some snug cabinet of the mind; and with that cosy bonehead, John H. Watson, still with his heart in his boots (and who would blame him?). Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson—a pleasantly waffling Watson—should be the right company in weeks ahead. If we climb, from the fog, up the stairs of 221B, Baker Street, we can usually be sure of strong tobacco, indoor revolver practice, and a few of Holmes' own compositions for violin.

The first play could have been more direct. John Keir Cross chose to take us into the Milverton case; to stop suddenly and to flash back to the earliest meeting of Holmes and Watson; and then to round off the Milverton business as far as it has ever been rounded. We could just as easily have moved from A to B, and then by the high road to C. But the anecdote of the 'evillest man in London'—a Hampstead man, I am sorry to say—can be only a curtain-raiser. Not much of importance happens in it, though at one point, you recall, Holmes becomes a tall, rakish-looking



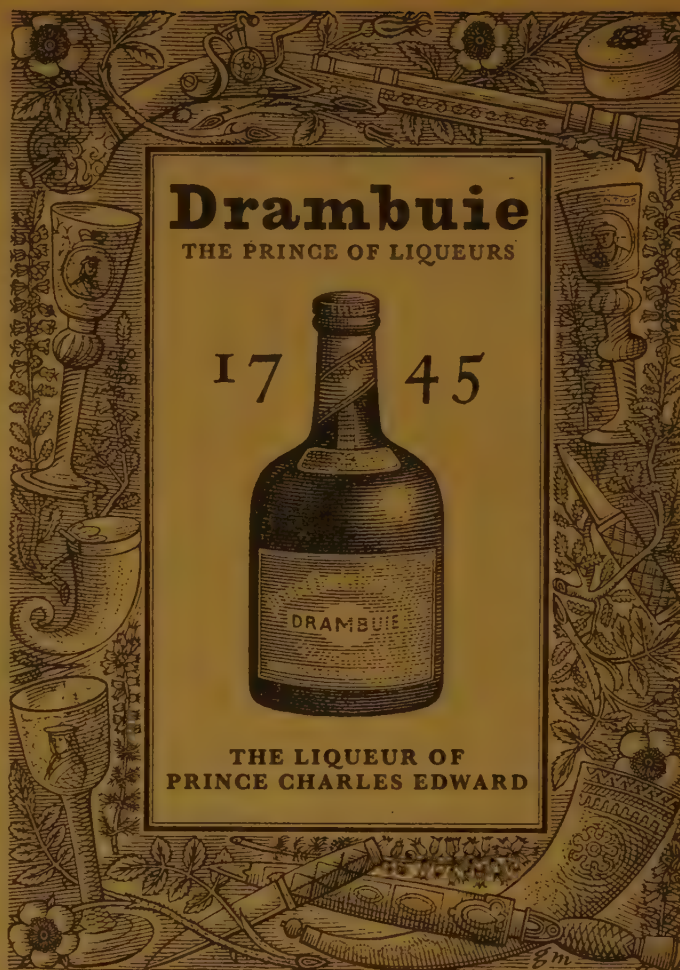
The Ballet of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris in 'Etudes' on October 10: centre are (left to right) Michel Renault, Micheline Bardin, and Pierre Lacotte



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young workman with a goatee beard. Later, he and Watson, masked behind the curtains, hear the Unknown Woman as she observes to the blackmailer with some spirit: 'You'll break no more hearts, Charles Milverton, as you've broken mine . . . You hound!' At that stage, alone in my room, I found myself on the verge of cheering: this is what the old players would have called a 'clap-trap'. What did matter in the piece was its establishment of character: there we were most happy. Sir John Gielgud's Holmes is a charming razor; and Sir Ralph's Watson ('Upon my life, you astonish me, Holmes!') is the perfect strop. We were glad to mark Holmes' promise, 'This is only the beginning, my dear fellow, only the beginning'. I am sorry that Philip Leaver's Milverton is dead: he gave a quite uncanny impression of a shark's speaking voice. Still there are bigger fish ahead. Where's Moriarty?

Holmes should have been on call in 'Justice Fielding' (Home). He, if anyone, could have solved the Canning case which Arthur Machen has called 'one of the minor enigmas of the world'. Roy Walker, in a play most apt for the Fielding bicentenary, has had the excellent idea of combining a study of the man, major novelist and humane magistrate, with the details of the puzzle that grew into the Canning Wonder. It is all well and vigorously wrought: Arthur Young, abundantly at home in the eighteenth century, created Fielding's very image, a portrait of a man who, in the cause of justice, could be a tiger burning bright. We cannot blame him for his faith in Elizabeth Canning as an honest, simple, unhappy girl; this young woman—performed with effect by Mairhi Russell—must continue to be a question-mark. Wilfrid Grantham produced skilfully.

Holmes might have taken some time about the Canning Wonder. But he would, I fear, have told us the likeliest course of 'The Bamboo House' (Home) almost as soon as it had begun. George Scurfield's play took us down the Chindwin, and through the elephant-grass of the Burmese jungle. Most of the way it led us round the garden, hinting at some possibly unexpected development. In fact, all we could ask was which of the two men involved would die: the light-hearted or the bitter. In the end Hugh Burden, who can suggest jangled nerves as well as any radio actor, glumly survived. The play drifted out while, convalescent after malaria, he was lying in bed in a little thatched house on a mountain-top, and writing an uncommonly stilted letter. The best parts of the play were the 'documentary' jungle-fighting scenes: not much else counted.

In 'A Life of Bliss' (Light), which moves on mildly, we listened to George Cole as one of our lesser linguists, an innocent in Paris coping with an 'English Spoken Here' restaurant. 'Elementary!', a well-known man would have said; but our hearts were with Cole-Bliss. Finally—a sterner subject and a madly tantalising serial—I am unable yet to report what did block the way of the space-fleet on its journey to 'The Red Planet' (Light). Space-ship Number Six has completely disappeared, a bad show; but I look forward to hearing the message from base to the flagship *Discovery*, controlled with so much distinction by Andrew ('Jet') Faulds.

J. C. TREWIS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Voyages

A VOYAGE holds the imagination. Whether it be long or short, whether by sea (as the dictionary strictly requires) or by land, whether we make it ourselves or follow vicariously the fortunes of other and often bolder spirits, the act of setting-forth comes always as a challenge and

a symbol. When the voyage is a last voyage, this is especially true. Stevenson, who wrote of travelling hopefully, urged also: 'Even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week'.

If this is sententious, I apologise. The revival of 'Stagecoach' at my local cinema may have influenced me. I have also been moved by the imaginative enterprise of the B.B.C. in marking the bicentenary of the death of Henry Fielding with a broadcast of his *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* which was most skilfully edited for the occasion by Eric Ewens and produced by Christopher Sykes. The rich humanity of Fielding is alive in this posthumous fragment written by a dying man. The swaggering but warm-hearted sea-captain; the claret in the cabin; the delays along the south coast which involved the invalid with an extortionate landlady at Ryde; the sailors' temptations in harbour—Fielding, in this final act of faith, forced himself to note them all. Mr. J. B. Priestley's talk on Friday gave us a proper appreciation of the novelist and his influence; but I think that Fielding the man wrote his own best epitaph in the *Voyage to Lisbon*.

Queen Victoria's triumphant voyage among the Western Isles of Scotland in 1847, which was described on Monday in a programme written by Mr. R. J. B. Sellar, made a striking contrast. Observers at Greenock, Dumbarton, Fort William, and other places that the Queen visited set the scene as they found it today, and there were two highlights: an effectively thunderous commentary from Fingal's Cave with Mendelssohn in support, and a talk by the Duke of Argyll about his aims in exploring the sunken Spanish galleon in Tobermory Bay. 'The Royal Route' was not exactly an essential item for 1954, though it has had its echoes in another young Queen's recent and much more ambitious journey; but, being well-planned and carried out, I found it refreshing.

An excursion to Cyprus which I made on Thursday was a less romantic affair. The B.B.C. did not take me physically any nearer Cyprus than one of the studios, but had assembled round a table, with Sir Frederick Whyte as chairman, such authorities on the island and its politics as Sir Charles Woolley, Mr. Michael Lubbock, Mr. Thomas Anthem, and Mr. Paul Leach. Mr. Anthem's eloquent assertion of the rights of self-determination for small nations—vigorously supported, of course, by the strong Communist Party in Cyprus—was scarcely rebutted, in theory at least, by Sir Charles Woolley's dignified recital of Britain's historical and legal claims to the island. But Mr. Anthem would, I hope, have waxed still more eloquent on behalf of several of the smaller Iron Curtain countries; and nothing that he said convinced me that the status of Cyprus, in this realistic hour, should not be decided by the strategic and military requirements of the relatively free world.

Voyages in time tend to generate less heated controversy than those in contemporary space. At other appointments in the listening week I was glad to be able to travel beyond my own century. I followed Mrs. Marjorie Gallop's vivid account of her search for the sacred Aztec drums of Mexico; I switched from Mr. Priestley on Fielding to hear Professor Kenneth Jackson disposing of the tenuous historical claims of King Arthur; and I waded with Lord Noel-Buxton, though less uncomfortably, through the ancient Roman fords over the Thames and Humber—a civilised and enjoyable adventure. His talk, incidentally, was given in 'Children's Hour', which I find is the home for many fresh and lively speakers.

A programme that belonged both to the past and to the present was Colin Wills' 'Wine in England', broadcast on Tuesday. Some Christ-

mas-card clichés (vocal and otherwise) ensued, and the inevitable Chester-Belloc anthology had its place, but I was more than compensated by being told a number of things I had no idea of—for example, that 1300-1350 was the great age of wine-growing in England—and when the programme turned to people like Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hyams, Mr. Edwin Booth, and Mr. George Ordish for their opinion of the merits of the vine and of country wines in England today, I found the chatter and enthusiasm of these experts most fascinating. In short, this was a jolly and informative effort; and by the time that 'Women and Wine' had surged in again remorselessly at the finish I was feeling indulgent. Professor W. D. Grampp's discursions on Cobden and 'The Radical Business Men', in the Third Programme, struck fewer sparks from me, for though, like others at the University of Illinois, Professor Grampp knows a good deal about the Victorians, his manner of conveying it is ponderous. As the Belgian dandy observed to the poet Præd, while fleeing a Dutch officer at dominoes: 'Pour voyager il faut avoir du talent'.

DEREK HUDSON

MUSIC

Two Views of Schubert

THE SERIES CALLED 'Composer and Interpreter' brought us last week two recordings of Schubert's last Symphony in C major. One was made by the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in New York under the direction of Toscanini, in the other the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam was conducted by Josef Krips. I am not concerned to discuss the quality of the two recordings, though it is fair to say that the N.B.C. Orchestra's tone sounded less euphonious than the Concertgebouw's, and that Toscanini was further handicapped by a less good reception of the broadcast. But neither recording nor reception could account for the quacking staccatos of the New York wood-winds nor for the failure of the trombones to ring out gloriously in the first movement.

These are flies in the ointment. What one could admire in Toscanini's performance was the intellectual grasp of the music as a whole and the enormous energy he communicated to the performance. In timing he outstripped his rival by almost two minutes on the whole symphony, and that in spite of conceding a handicap of three-quarters of a minute in the first movement. The pace was exhilarating, yet never suggested hurry, and the orchestra responded with wonderfully precise playing, so that all was clear and free from smudging. Yet pace is not everything, especially in Schubert, and something was missing from this severe performance, which became positively ruthless in its jerky treatment of the dotted rhythm of the Andante. The charm, the warmth, the tenderness of Schubert's sensibility shone out only for a moment in the A major section of this movement. Krips' performance, more leisurely and easy in fit (as the tailors say) yet nowise dragging or tedious, seemed to me a more faithful realisation of the score, in which tragic grandeur and nobility of thought do not rule out geniality and even a certain waywardness of mood.

This is a valuable kind of programme, if one gives it close attention, since it fixes the listener's mind upon the details of the performances and so enriches his knowledge of the music, which, however familiar the work may be, can never be complete. There were other enlargements of experience in last week's programmes, also due to gramophone records: Cimarosa's amusing skit upon an eighteenth-century conductor rehearsing his orchestra, and a selection from Charpentier's 'Medea', which proved that there were other



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masters of opera in Paris beside the odious Lully, who would allow none other to compose for the opera house while he lived.

For modern opera we had a relay of Berkeley's 'A Dinner Engagement' from Sadler's Wells, where the present audience were kept in a roar by the fun of the action. For us at home the pleasure came from the aristocratic elegance of the agreeable and fluent melody and the admirable concerted music.

At the beginning of the week Anthony Collins directed the last of the series which has brought out some of Mozart's early choral music, on this occasion the Missa Brevis in C (K.259), which is brief, indeed, but so beautiful and so admirable as a liturgical setting, that one wonders why

Mozart's church music was ever frowned upon. The Sinfonia Concertante (K.364) which followed suffered from a disparity of style between the violinist (Campoli) and the violist (Frederick Riddle), which reminds me to say that on the following evening the violist was again very much the hero in an otherwise poor performance of Smetana's Quartet in E minor.

The second part of Mr. Collins' programme was devoted to Kodály, containing the orchestral Concerto—an attractive, straightforward work, which, however, by suggesting comparison with Bartók's similar composition, gives us the measure of Kodály's stature beside that of his compatriot—and the 'Te Deum', a more consciously 'Hungarian' composition which

suitably commemorated a national occasion.

The series devoted to modern German music has so far produced nothing that strikes a responsive spark. It remains once more to applaud Sir Adrian Boult for some admirable performances, especially of Brahms' First Symphony, marred only by some lapses in detail (e.g., the violin solo in the second movement), and Rubbra's Second, a fine composition, which, despite some revision, still seems to me too thickly scored, owing to constant doubling in the wood-winds, and too reliant upon long pedal-points for the building-up of climaxes. But it stimulated interest in the new Symphony which is due next month.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Albert Roussel: French Symphonist

By DONALD MITCHELL

Roussel's symphonies are to be broadcast in the Third Programme, beginning with No. 1 at 6.50 p.m. on October 15 and 8.0 p.m. on October 16, and No. 2 at 7.50 p.m. on October 22 and 9.40 p.m. on October 23. His setting of Psalm 80 will also be broadcast at 9.30 p.m. on October 20 (Home)

As a composer, Albert Roussel (1869-1937) made a late start; almost all his first published works belong to the early years of the twentieth century when he was over thirty. Many of his contemporaries, in France and elsewhere, some of them younger than Roussel, had already established themselves as significant creative figures. Yet Roussel's delayed maturity had its own advantages. It meant that he arrived as a front-rank composer after much of the dust raised by the various European revolutionaries had ceased to obscure the musical scene. He had witnessed, as it were, the birth of the new music, rather as a detached observer, not emotionally involved, might watch the frantic efforts of doctor and midwife. Roussel's involvement was very much more post-natal.

By 1919-21, the period when Roussel composed his Second Symphony, Stravinsky and Schönberg had made their first substantial impressions, Mahler was dead, as was Reger, while Hindemith and Milhaud were just beginning to emerge as potent artistic forces. Satie had only a few years more to live; Debussy had died at the end of the war. Ravel (a slightly younger composer, with whom Roussel had something in common) died in 1937, the year in which Roussel himself succumbed to a heart attack.

Gounod once remarked that every artist must slay his father. Roussel was, perhaps, too fastidious a composer to react against his father-figures as violently as, say, Debussy reacted against Wagner. In any case, Roussel had not one father-figure but two; and to one (Vincent d'Indy, under whom Roussel studied at the Schola Cantorum) he remained largely faithful throughout his career—though more in musical attitude than in musical detail—and the other he cold-shouldered (Debussy, who was a father of the modern French musical movement of which Roussel was a part, despite his indifference). Roussel, inevitably, was indebted to Debussy; the latter's influence was not to be escaped. But while Roussel doubtless appreciated Debussy's purifying function, he had no desire to emulate his example or become a disciple. Neither impressionism nor the style which derived from it—a derivation which was, possibly, a debasement of Debussy's art—exercised much of a fascination for Roussel. It was the seriousness and idealism of d'Indy, and the Schola's insistence on formal preoccupations, which attracted Roussel and helped to shape his music, although he was never as thoroughgoing an exponent of

the germinating cell and cyclic principles as was his master or, indeed, his master's masters. Roussel's first period, however, combined both Schola and impressionist influences, the latter playing the minor role. The First Symphony (in D, Op. 7, 1904-6), which belongs to this period, is entitled 'Le Poème de la Forêt'; each of its first three movements has a seasonal label ('Forêt d'hiver', 'Renouveau', 'Soir d'été'), the last a fantastic one ('Faunes et Dryades'). There is hardly a melodic or harmonic hint of the later Roussel, but the finale's more adventurous rhythms point to coming events; the movement deploys two basic rhythmic schemes, 3/4 and 2/4 (fauns and dryads?), which merge into a consolidated 5/4 for one extended passage. More revealing of Roussel's fundamental character is the tidiness of the work's outward form (slow introduction, *allegro*, *adagio* and *scherzo-finale* (with cyclic return of introduction as coda), the neat, if conventional, structure of each movement, and the exceptional restraint with which the details of the landscapes are depicted; this 'Poème' is more an example of formal landscape-gardening than a shimmering evocation of nature.

The Second Symphony (B flat minor, Op. 23, 1919-21) was written when Roussel's derivative early period was well behind him (some Roussel enthusiasts, it must be mentioned, claim prophetic significance for the chamber 'Divertissement', Op. 6, 1906); he had, moreover, indulged his own and his time's penchant for exoticism in the orchestral 'Evocations' (Op. 15, 1910-11) and the opera-ballet 'Padmâvati' (Op. 18, 1914-18), both of which works treat oriental subjects and employ Hindu scales. In the new symphony, however, he attempted to realise, in his own words, 'a music satisfying in itself, a music which seems to eliminate all picturesque and descriptive elements . . . I wish to make only music'.

The long Second Symphony has not the rhythmic punch, the melodic invention, or the distinctive harmonic vocabulary of its successors; and Roussel's solution of the finale problem is not a happy one. The finale succeeds the slow movement without a break, a quotation from the slow movement unfunctionally interrupts the flow of the finale, and the situation is further complicated by cyclic obligations. In his later symphonies, Roussel sensibly shifted the centre of gravity to his adagios and let his 'French' side (uppermost in his invigorating scherzos) take care of his finales—hence their beguiling

wit and brevity. The powerful first movement of the Second Symphony is the best evidence of the scale of Roussel's symphonic thought: the return of the second subject, with its insistent emphasis on the minor third of the tonic (the same theme is ingeniously laced into the reprise of the scherzo), and the novel re-disposition of thematic groups in the recapitulation, are genuinely symphonic in conception and execution.

The Third (G minor, Op. 42, 1929-30) and Fourth (A major, Op. 53, 1934) Symphonies, both in four movements, are more condensed in structure, and both display Roussel's mature harmonic style, an unleashed rhythmic vigour, terse ostinatos, leaping melodic lines, and often an intensive polyphony (an obligatory intensification; the part-writing now has to encase a less stable tonality). In the first movement of the Fourth Symphony the augmented fourth is prominent; here, as elsewhere, it contributes substantially to the bite and grit of Roussel's harmonic texture. The Phrygian G minor of the first movement of the Third Symphony aptly illustrates his modal proclivities, while his handling of the work's five-note motto (hammered out as the climax of the first movement's development), shows how fresh and uninhibited was his approach to the problem of the motto. In the Third Symphony, it acts not only as a climactic tag, but also as a basic thematic shape (e.g., the first bar of the *adagio*). Roussel never allowed his invention to be confined to or by an excess of 'quotation'; the motto is a part, not the principle, of the Symphony's organisation.

Both the Third and Fourth Symphonies undertake polymodal and polytonal excursions, as does his elaborate setting of Psalm 80 (Op. 37, 1928). A French critic once called the latter 'Handelian'—not a very appropriate description, perhaps, but bearing in mind the massiveness of the setting, one sees what was intended. Roussel's superior contrapuntal gifts keep the mass on the move.

Roussel brought a traditional mind (the coherent tradition handed down by the Schola was his permanent inheritance) to bear upon the fresh musical materials unearthed by the turn of the century; and it was this real combination between tradition and a matured individual talent which enabled him to write three major symphonies at a time when the symphony was the most exhausted and even unfashionable of musical forms.

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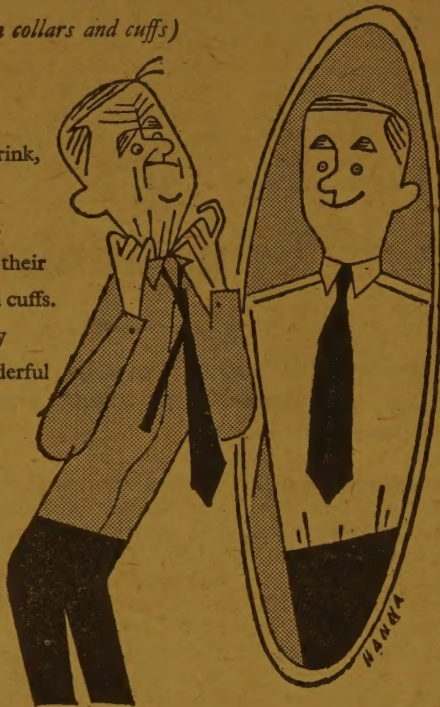
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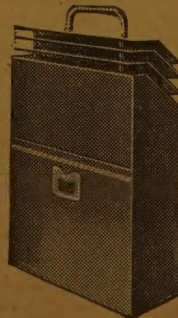
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

By JEAN CONIL

HOW TO MAKE LIVER PÂTÉ

AMONG THE MANY meat pastes, nothing, to my mind, is better than a delicious liver *pâté*. You require:

- 1 lb. of pig's liver
- 1 lb. of pork fat (from the back, belly, or thin flank)
- 2 large onions
- 2 oz. breadcrumbs
- 1 raw egg
- salt
- pepper
- a pinch of mixed spice
- 2 rashers of bacon
- 1 bay leaf

Fry the thinly sliced onions slowly in a little pork fat until soft but not brown. Dice the liver and the pork lard. (Incidentally, for those of you who have a very fat joint of pork, here is an opportunity to use the fat, but you must remove it when raw.) Having diced the fat and liver, mince them together with the fried onion. Place these minced ingredients in a large bowl, and add the breadcrumbs and raw egg. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and the mixed spices, and stir the mixture to blend it thoroughly. Line a casserole dish with 2 rashers of bacon, add a bay leaf, and fill it right up to the top with the liver mixture. Place this dish in a tray full of water, and bake in the oven at 350 deg. F. (mark 4 or 5 for gas) for 1½ hours.

When cooked, remove it from the oven, cover it with a piece of cardboard, exactly fitting the top of the dish, and place a heavy weight on top. Allow the *pâté* to cool, whilst being pressed by the weight, and when absolutely cold roll the sides of the *pâté* in breadcrumbs. Then cut it into slices. I am sure you will enjoy it as a sandwich filling or as a snack. Incidentally, we always put a small glass of brandy in the mixture when preparing it—not as a luxury, but to give it the characteristic flavour that distinguishes continental meat pastes.

COOKING YOUR HARE

Hares are beginning to be in season now, and they are so much cheaper than butcher's meat. It is surprising how many preparations you can make with this one hare. Let me give you a few ideas.

Ask the butcher to clean and cut it up for you. Place these pieces of hare in an earthenware dish, add a few slices of onions, carrots, and herbs. Then cover the hare with a pint of red wine. (Wine can be bought very cheaply.) After soaking the hare in the wine for at least six hours drain the pieces of hare and vegetables, dry them with a cloth, and dust them with flour. The hare must then be fried until brown before you cook it in the wine in which it was soaking.

With the left-over gravy and bones you can

make a good soup. Some of the left-over meat can be minced, with cooked ham, and used as a filling for a flan or a pie, with a Belgian endive salad.

Notes on Contributors

GORONWY REES (page 599): Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth
CECIL SCOTT (page 603): Information Officer at British Embassy, Lisbon 1949-1952; Chairman of the Field Committee in Angola of the British and Foreign Bible Society engaged in research into African Bantu languages, 1936-1941

H. J. HABAKKUK (page 610): Chichele Professor of Economic History, Oxford University

GRAHAM HOUGH (page 617): Lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of *The Last Romantics: Ruskin to Yeats*

ROBERT CLARKE (page 619): a senior scientific officer at the National Institute of Oceanography; author of *Open Boat Whaling in the Azores*

PETER SHEPHEARD (page 621): President of the Architectural Association; formerly worked on the Greater London Plan and the new town at Stevenage

MRS. FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL (page 627): psycho-analyst, writer, and dramatist; author of *Towards Relationship*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,276.

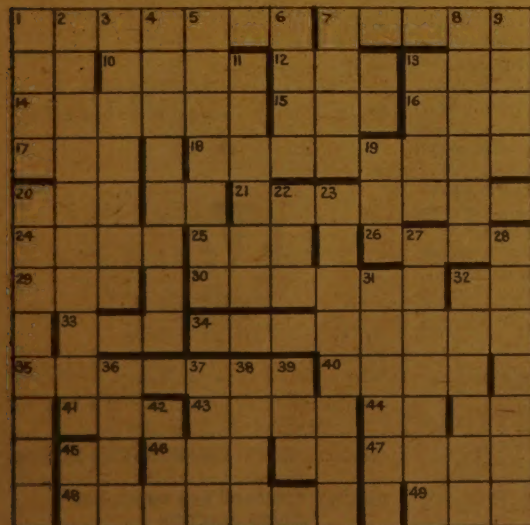
'Ars est celare artem.'

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 21

Three consecutive letters, always the same three letters of the alphabet though not always in the same order, are omitted from every light. The remaining letters are inserted, in their normal order, in the diagram. The thirty-three unchecked letters appear in the rigmarole: 'Assistance, ho! I reel! Clues are rank foxy'.



CLUES—ACROSS

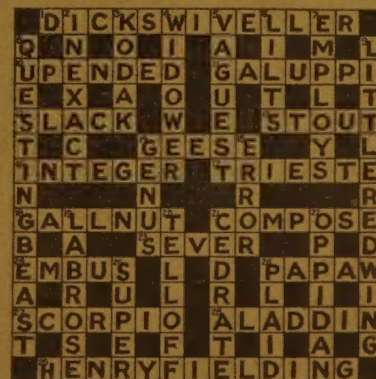
1. A sidelong glance for the Doctor (whom God preserve) of Utrecht (10).
7. Down to the depths we go, with a couple of sailors in front of us (8).
10. Can you get back the salt out of the apple tart in the oven? (7).
12. Carries horizontally (6).
13. One should not do this unless prepared to buy a 5D (6).
14. She has either left or will soon (9).
15. Not normally poured from a decanter, but might be found there in the end (6).
16. He's only two-thirds the size of his wife, but is always ready for a flutter and a bit of sport (6).
17. Deity incarnate (6).
18. Putting places on the map (11).
20. Top-dressing for brassicas and other vegetables (6).
21. You don't get this sort of service while you are alive (10).
24. Roving rock where it ought not to be (7).
25. Woollen stuff, quilted or twilled (6).
26. Whatever happens at this, aren't ye confused! (3, 4).
29. Guarantor of authenticity (6).
30. J. W. Wells' small prophet had these tragical (9).
33. Run aground? It's all a yarn! (6).
34. What a one-valve mollusc is the plethoric D.A.I. (11).
35. It's a perverted art I follow, with knobs on. That's giving it away (10).
40. Orpiment (7).
41. There's an aural hint in the art I practise (6).
43. Praties cooked for the tramp (7).
44. See 45.
- 45 and 44. A collection of aphorisms about mother in the Far East (7).
46. Relations (6).
47. Suitable action for Boxing Day? (7).
48. Blackened with ink, presumably (10).
49. Deserted (6).

DOWN

1. Woollen stuff, ribbed and lustrous (7).
2. Having a short beak, can give a terser vibrato (13).
3. Rainy stain making for ill health (10).
4. Stayed firmly moral (10).
5. I prove that the ride has been paid for, so you can get the matter adjusted about credit (10).
6. Is this what our rude forefathers were doing, or have we been had on a string? (7).
7. If anyone says he's a percussion player, it's a thumping lie (7).
8. Of the same type as the lunar, or moonwort? (9).
9. The market in cunning is in a brisk way (7).

11. One extra 'e', free of obligation (9).
13. This art pose will be just the stuff for the paper (7).
19. Arkwright's peak achievement (6).
20. However famished, these are not really likely to trample on nightingales (11).
22. You needn't come all the way back, partner; just put in the gin (6).
23. Though there's an old coat here, it's fundamentally chilly (11).
27. Out, in, and be careful of the roots! (10).
28. Turned out by the government for export (10).
31. Turn round, little girl; we'll add a later order just the opposite (9).
32. 'The grim old — Takes little heed of aught That comes not in the measure of its duty' (9).
36. A tour I'm to adjust for a seal with external ears? (7).
37. Speech! (7).
38. Rampant climber (7).
39. Coloured silk waste from a shipload of disorderly sailors (6).
42. Once a sailor gets back in the service book, he becomes a bad lot (6).

Solution of No. 1,274



NOTES

3D. From kodiak bear; 4D. Archer collaborated in 'Widowers' Houses'; 7D. Bk IV, 763; 8D. Arthurian legend; 9D. See 'Waste Land' III and note; 11A. 'Toccata of Galuppi's'; 12A. 'Virginibus Puerisque'; 21A. Book II, 281; 26D. W. Halley, before 1850. See 'Scottish Minstrelsy'; 29D. author of *Tom Jones*.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: D. A. Nicholls (Chester); 2nd prize: M. C. Clarke (Croydon); 3rd prize: F. G. M. Wheeler (Thetford)

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